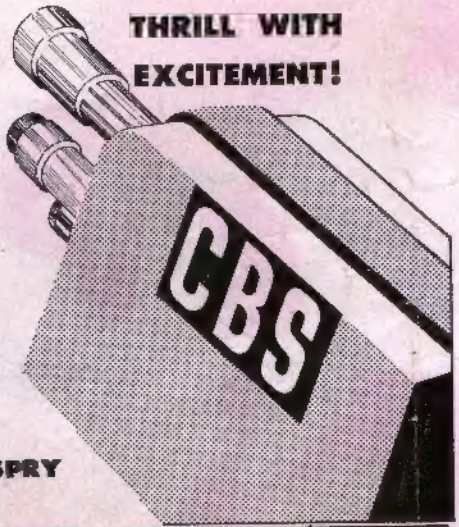
NEW STORIES OF TV AND RADIO'S HIT SHOWS!
SUPERMAN DC NATIONAL COMICS
10c
52 BIG PAGES
BIG TOWN
STEVE WILSON, BIG TOWN'S ACE NEWSMAN, TAKES ON HIS MOST DANGEROUS ASSIGNMENT WHEN HE BECOMES THE "TARGET OF THE UNDERWORLD!"
AUG. NO. 8
ILLUSTRATED PRESS BUILDING
ILLUSTRATED PRESS
KILLER PROWLS BIG TOWN

BIG TOWN IS BIG TIME ON TELEVISION

See

STEVE WILSON, FIGHTING NEWSPAPERMAN, AND HIS BEAUTIFUL ASSISTANT, *LORELEI*, IN FAST-ACTION, HARD-HITTING ADVENTURES THAT MAKE YOUR TV SCREEN THRILL WITH EXCITEMENT!



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THURSDAY, 9:30 P.M. E.S.T.

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BIG TOWN
GIVE WILSON THE PAY-OFF... RIGHT NOW!
WHEN THE NIGHT OWL GANG MOVED IN TO TAKE OVER BIG TOWN, STEVE WILSON, THE FIGHTING NEWS-MAN OF THE ILLUSTRATED PRESS, CONCEIVED A DARING PLAN TO SNARE THE MYSTERIOUS GANG LEADER WHO HAD NO NAME! SO IT WAS THAT THE ACE REPORTER DELIBERATELY STEPPED INTO A LONE AND DANGER-OUS GAME WHICH QUICKLY MADE HIM...
"The TARGET of the UNDERWORLD!"

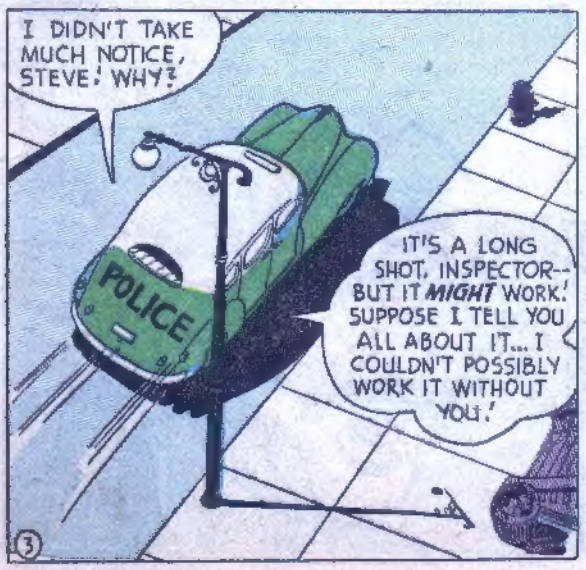
AT A GATHERING OF SINISTER FIGURES IN BIG TOWN, THE NAME OF STEVE WILSON, BATTLING NEWSMAN OF THE ILLUSTRATED PRESS, IS MENTIONED...
THE CHIEF USED TO BE A BIG SHOT--BUT STEVE WILSON'S GOT HIS NUMBER! HE'S SCARED TO RUB HIM OUT!
YEAH!
AT THAT MOMENT...
SO I'M SCARED, AM I? C'MERE, JOE!
T-T-THE CHIEF!
AS THE FRIGHTENED MOBSTER STEPS FORWARD...
D-D-DON'T--CHIEF--D-D...
YOU FOOLS NEVER LEARN! HOW MANY TIMES DO I HAVE TO BEAT IT INTO YOUR HEAD?
GUNNING NEWSMEN, ESPECIALLY ONE OF WILSON'S REPUTATION, WOULD BRING THE WHOLE CITY DOWN ON US! THE COPS BACK THOSE PRESS BOYS TO THE HILT! NOW, SHOW ME THE LAYOUT ON THE JOB WE GOT SCHEDULED TONIGHT...
SURE, CHIEF... SURE!
LATER THAT EVENING, STEVE WILSON HAILS HIS SPECIAL DRIVER, HARRY THE HACK, IN FRONT OF THE ILLUSTRATED PRESS BUILDING...
WHERE TO, MR. WILSON?
THE ATKINS AMUSEMENT PARK, HARRY! SOME GANG HAS STOLEN THEIR RECEIPTS! INSPECTOR CALLAHAN HAS ONE OF THE GUNMEN TRAPPED IN THE AREA!
MINUTES LATER, AT THE AMUSEMENT PARK...
THERE HE IS, STEVE! ONE OF THE THREE GUNMEN WHO ROBBED THE RECEIPTS! LOOKS LIKE THE WORK OF THE NIGHT OWL GANG!
GOOD WORK, INSPECTOR! I'LL GO IN THE FRONT WAY AND SEE IF I CAN CUT HIM OFF!
HOUSE of MIRRORS
2

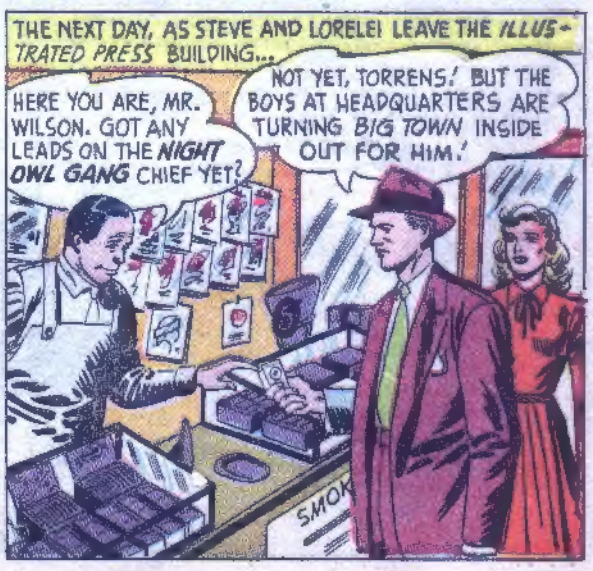
AS STEVE CLOSES ON THE DESPERATE GUNMAN...
MY REFLECTIONS IN THE MIRRORS HAVE CONFUSED HIM! I'D BETTER MOVE IN -- FAST.'
W-WHICH ONE IS HE?

CRASH!
THAT MUST BE HIM--UHH?
YOU GUESSED WRONG, BUSTER!

AS INSPECTOR CALLAHAN AND HIS MEN ARRIVE...
WHY, YOU SWELL-HEADED NEWSHOUND! YOU WOULDN'T LIVE TEN SECONDS WITHOUT THE COPS BEHIND YUH! THE CHIEF WOULD FIT YOU FOR A WOODEN OVERCOAT.'
GOOD BOY, STEVE! NOW LET'S SEE WHAT HE CAN TELL US ABOUT THE LEADER OF THE NIGHT OWL GANG.'

LATER...
FANTASTIC, STEVE.' THAT HOODLUM DOESN'T SEEM TO KNOW ANY MORE ABOUT HIS GANG LEADER THAN THE OTHER NIGHT OWL GANGSTERS WE'VE CAUGHT.' THIS IS THE SEVENTH ROBBERY IN THE LAST MONTH AND WE STILL DON'T KNOW WHO THE CHIEF IS.'
WE'VE GOT TO FIND SOME WAY TO SMOKE HIM OUT INTO THE OPEN, INSPECTOR. IF WE ONLY HAD A CONCRETE LEAD.' SAY... DID YOU HEAR WHAT THE GUNMAN SAID TO ME BACK IN THE MIRROR ROOM?


I DIDN'T TAKE MUCH NOTICE, STEVE! WHY?
POLICE
IT'S A LONG SHOT, INSPECTOR-- BUT IT MIGHT WORK.' SUPPOSE I TELL YOU ALL ABOUT IT... I COULDN'T POSSIBLY WORK IT WITHOUT YOU.'
3

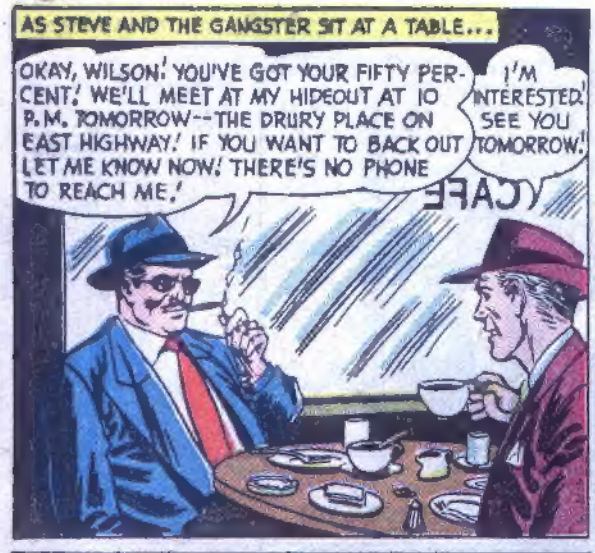

THE NEXT DAY, AS STEVE AND LORELEI LEAVE THE ILLUSTRATED PRESS BUILDING...
HERE YOU ARE, MR. WILSON. GOT ANY LEADS ON THE NIGHT OWL GANG CHIEF YET?
NOT YET, TORRENS.' BUT THE BOYS AT HEADQUARTERS ARE TURNING BIG TOWN INSIDE OUT FOR HIM.'
SMOK

ON THE STREET...
WE'LL ONLY HAVE TIME FOR A SANDWICH, STEVE! WE'VE GOT TO GET RIGHT BACK FOR THE AFTERNOON EDITION!
I'M SICK OF BEING HURRIED, LORELEI! LET SIMPSON DO IT! I'M GETTING FED UP WITH BREAKING MY NECK FOR THE ILLUSTRATED PRESS!
IT'S ABOUT TIME YOU SHOWED, HARRY! I'M PAYING YOU TO BE ON TIME!
B-B-BUT, MR. WILSON..?
WHAT ON EARTH HAS GOTTEN INTO STEVE?
AND THE REST OF THAT WEEK...
STEVE! YOU SHOULD HAVE CHECKED THESE RELEASES HOURS AGO!
I WAS TOO BUSY!
SECOND TIME THIS WEEK WILSON'S BEEN LATE WITH THE PROOF O.K.'S!
BET MCGRATH'S BURNING!
SOON AFTER, IN PUBLISHER MCGRATH'S OFFICE...
STEVE, YOU CAN'T GO ON LIKE THIS! EVERY ONE'S TALKING!
SO WHAT? IF IT WEREN'T FOR ME, YOU WOULDN'T HAVE A PAPER! ARE YOU THROUGH? OR DO YOU WANT TO BE SCOUTING UP A NEW REPORTER!
I WON'T TAKE THAT TALK EVEN FROM YOU, STEVE! GET OUT OF HERE! I'LL SEE THAT YOU'RE BLACKBALLED FROM EVERY PAPER IN BIG TOWN!
4

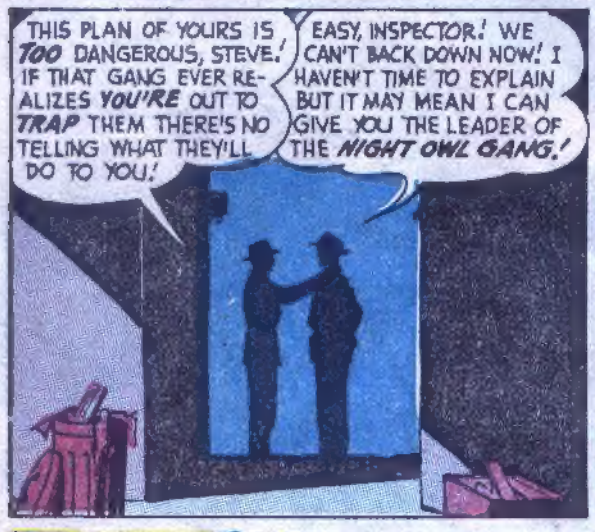
MINUTES LATER...
MR. WILSON! GOING OUT OF TOWN ON A NEW ASSIGNMENT!
ASSIGNMENT? BAH! I'M THROUGH WITH THE NEWSPAPER GAME FOR KEEPS, TORRENS.'
STEVE WILSON THROUGH! HUMMM...
BIG TOWN
WEST
THAT NIGHT AS STEVE IS ABOUT TO CHECK IN AT A SHABBY HOTEL...
HEY, CHUM, HOW ABOUT A LIGHT?
SURE...
SUDDENLY...
YOU BOYS SHOULD BRUSH UP ON YOUR MUGGING! YOU TIPPED YOUR HAND!
H-HOW'D YOU KNOW? I DIDN'T SAY NOTHIN'!
YOU TELEGRAPHED IT WITH YOUR EYES.'
YOU NEED A BRAIN, AND I NEED MEN.' WANT TO DO BUSINESS WITH ME AND MAKE SOME REAL DOUGH?
S-SURE, MISTER! WHAT'S YOUR ANGLE?
5

LATER, IN THE EX-NEWSMAN'S HOTEL ROOM...
SURE! SURE... I GOT A CONTACT WITH THE NIGHT OWL GANG--MY BROTHER CHUCK STARTED WITH 'EM! BUT YOU'RE PLAYING WITH DYNAMITE, MISTER, IF YOU FOOL AROUN' WITH THAT MOB!
YOU HAVE TO PLAY WITH DYNAMITE TO GET DIAMONDS, JACK! NOW DO AS I SAY AND YOU'LL BE THE KING OF SKID ROW!
WITHIN 48 HOURS STEVE HAS THE INFORMATION HE SEEKS...
I DID WHAT YOU WANTED, WILSON, BUT IT WAS NO GOOD! NOBODY'S GOT A LINE ON WHO THE CHIEF IS! NOT EVEN MY BROTHER!
HMMM... WELL, IT WAS WORTH A TRY! FIND OUT ANYTHING ELSE?
NO! I JUST GOT AWAY BEFORE I WAS SPOTTED! MY BROTHER'S ALL WOUND UP ABOUT THE SUTHERLAND DIAMOND! DIDN'T HAVE TIME TO SPEAK TO ME!
THE SUTHERLAND DIAMOND? THAT MUST BE THE CHIEF'S NEXT JOB! AND IT MAY BE THE BREAK I NEED!
IN MIDTOWN, NEXT MORNING, A FRANTIC JEWEL EXPERT SHRIEKS FROM A TOP FLOOR WINDOW...
HELP! POLICE! I'VE BEEN ROBBED!
JEWELERS
LATER, AT THE NIGHT OWL GANG'S HEADQUARTERS...
CHIEF, P-PLEASE GIMME A BREAK! I'M NOT LYIN'! HONEST! I'VE JUST BEEN TIPPED OFF STEVE WILSON HI-JACKED THE SUTHERLAND STONE BEFORE I COULD GET THERE!
STEVE WILSON--! HE'S GONE INTO THE RACKETS, HUH? NO WONDER HE QUIT THE NEWSPAPER!
SO STEVE WILSON FIGURES HE CAN MAKE A KILLING IN MY TERRITORY? WELL, THERE'S MORE WAYS THAN ONE TO SKIN AN EX-REPORTER! FREDDY, PEPPER, C'MERE! I'VE GOT A JOB FOR YOU!
MEANWHILE, IN STEVE'S DILAPIDATED HOTEL...
GOSH--YOU STOLE THE SUTHERLAND DIAMOND RIGHT FROM UNDER THE CHIEF'S NOSE, WILSON! BUT--HOW?
NO, QUESTIONS, JACK! HERE'S YOUR PAY-OFF! THIS IS ONLY THE BEGINNING!
6

SUDDENLY...
HUH?
HIT THE FLOOR, JACK!
BAM BAM
T-THE CHIEF'S ON TO YOU, WILSON! WE'RE AS GOOD AS DEAD!
RELAX, JACK! A MISS IS AS GOOD AS A LIFETIME!
IN THE DAYS THAT FOLLOW... THE PUBLIC IS DAZED BY THE EX-NEWSMAN'S FEUD WITH THE GANG-CHIEF...
WE'RE TOO LATE! WILSON'S BEEN HERE ALREADY!
WILSON GOT HERE BEFORE US!
KEEP GOING! WILSON'S BEATEN US TO THE JOB AGAIN... IT'S TIME I HAD A WORD WITH HIM!
THUS IT IS THAT STEVE WILSON HOLDS A STRANGE CONVERSATION SHORTLY...
DON'T TURN AROUND OR ASK QUESTIONS, WILSON! THE CHIEF WILL SEE YOU AT THE PIE COUNTER AT THE BIG TOWN CAFETERIA--NOON TIME! HE'S LEVELING--WANTS TO DO BUSINESS!
IT'S A DATE! I'LL TREAT HIM TO A CUSTARD PIE!
THAT NOON...
YOU'RE LUCKY MY BUSINESS SENSE IS BIGGER THAN MY ANGER, WILSON! YOU'RE GOOD, BUT I'VE GOT THE ORGANIZATION! WE'D MAKE A GREAT TEAM! HOW ABOUT IT?
SOUNDS LIKE A GOOD DEAL, MYSTERY BOY! BUT I WANT A STRAIGHT 50 PERCENT!
7

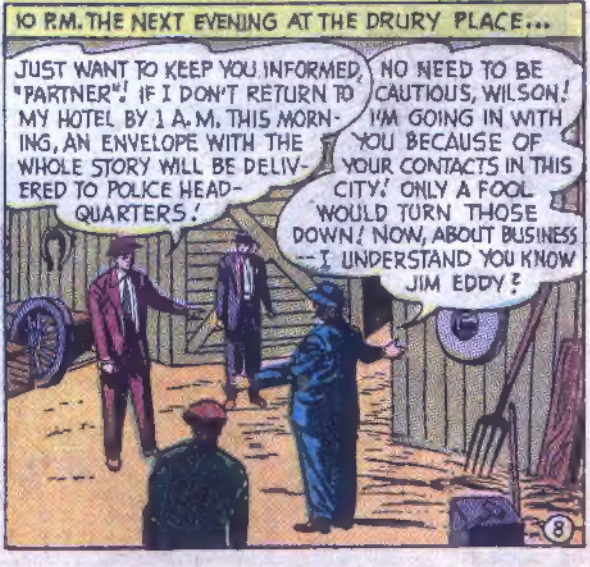

AS STEVE AND THE GANGSTER SIT AT A TABLE...
OKAY, WILSON! YOU'VE GOT YOUR FIFTY PER-CENT! WE'LL MEET AT MY HIDEOUT AT 10 P.M. TOMORROW--THE DRURY PLACE ON EAST HIGHWAY! IF YOU WANT TO BACK OUT LET ME KNOW NOW! THERE'S NO PHONE TO REACH ME!
I'M INTERESTED! SEE YOU TOMORROW!
CAFE

30 MINUTES LATER, AS INSPECTOR CALLAHAN ARRIVES OUTSIDE OF POLICE HEADQUARTERS...
CALLAHAN!
STEVE!

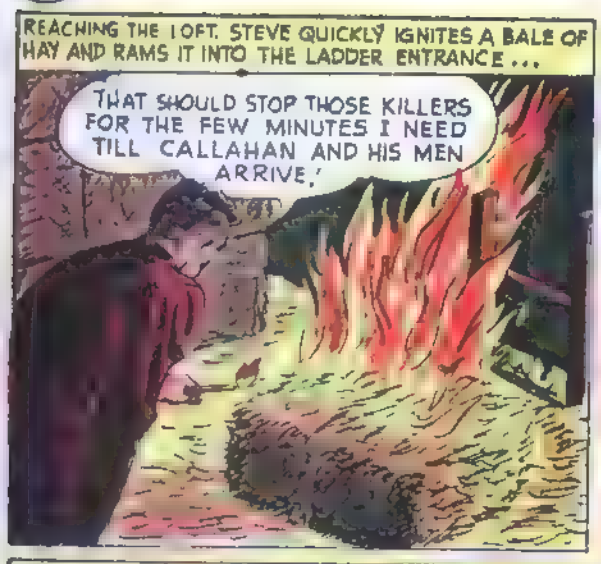

THIS PLAN OF YOURS IS *TOO* DANGEROUS, STEVE! IF THAT GANG EVER RE-ALIZES *YOU'RE* OUT TO *TRAP* THEM THERE'S NO TELLING WHAT THEY'LL DO TO YOU!
EASY, INSPECTOR! WE CAN'T BACK DOWN NOW! I HAVEN'T TIME TO EXPLAIN BUT IT MAY MEAN I CAN GIVE YOU THE LEADER OF THE *NIGHT OWL GANG!*

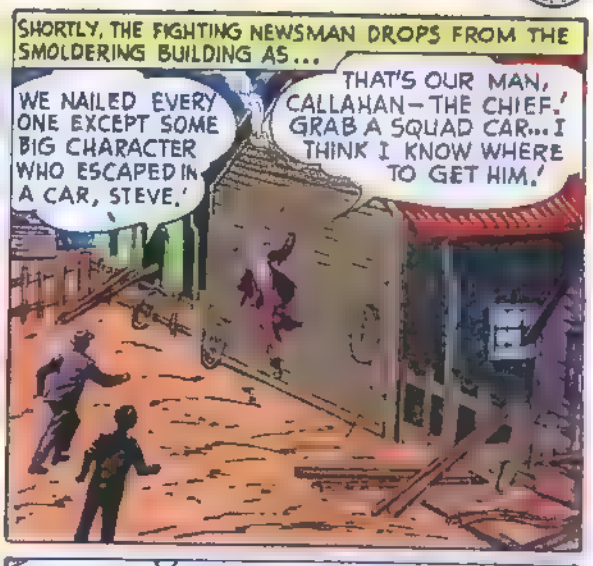
WELL, I'LL GO ALONG WITH THIS THING A FEW MORE DAYS, STEVE! BUT I WISH YOU'D LET ME TELL YOUR FRIENDS WHAT YOU'RE UP TO!
IT MIGHT TIP OUR HAND, IN-SPECTOR! BESIDES, IF MY PLAN WORKS RIGHT, THE ENTIRE CITY WILL KNOW THE TRUTH SOON! NOW, HERE'S WHAT I WANT YOU TO DO...

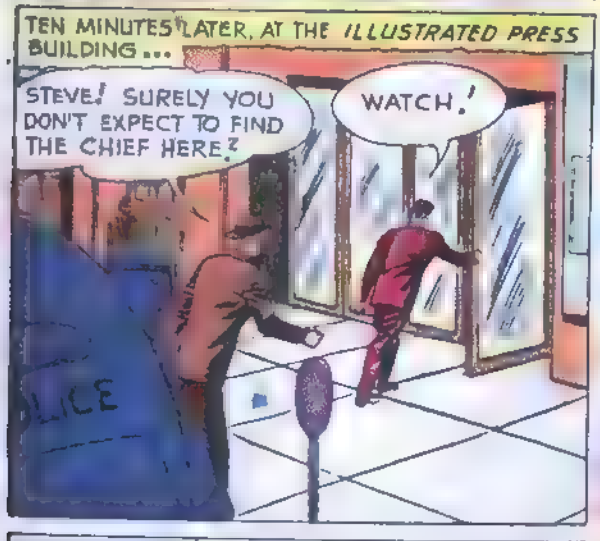
FROM A NEARBY VANTAGE POINT...
IT'S A GOOD THING I THOUGHT OF TRAILIN' WILSON! SO HE'S PLAYING *BOTH* SIDES OF THE FENCE! *THE CHIEF* WOULD PAY HIGH FOR THAT INFORMATION! GOT TO LOCATE BROTHER CHUCK SO'S I CAN MAKE A DEAL!

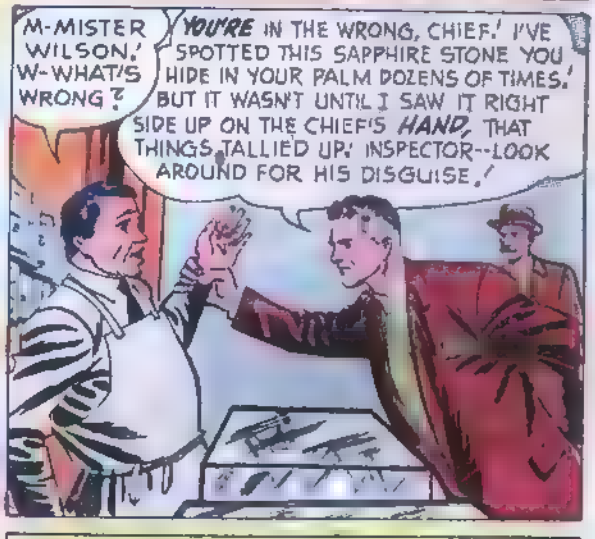

10 P.M. THE NEXT EVENING AT THE DRURY PLACE...
JUST WANT TO KEEP YOU INFORMED, "PARTNER"! IF I DON'T RETURN TO MY HOTEL BY 1 A.M. THIS MORN-ING, AN ENVELOPE WITH THE WHOLE STORY WILL BE DELIV-ERED TO POLICE HEAD-QUARTERS!
NO NEED TO BE CAUTIOUS, WILSON! I'M GOING IN WITH YOU BECAUSE OF YOUR CONTACTS IN THIS CITY! ONLY A FOOL WOULD TURN THOSE DOWN! NOW, ABOUT BUSINESS --I UNDERSTAND YOU KNOW JIM EDDY?

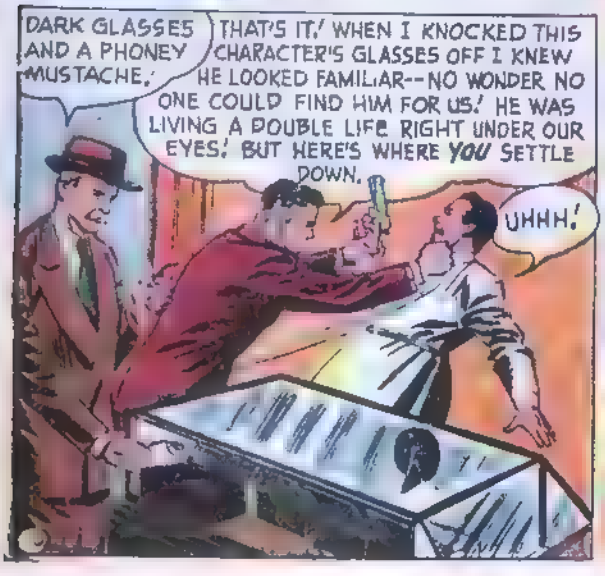
SURE, I KNOW EDDY--HE RUNS A RACKET ON THE WEST SIDE.'
CHIEF! I GOTTA SPEAK TO YAH.'
HMMM... NONE OF THE CHIEF'S BOYS WOULD DARE BREAK UP A MEETING LIKE THIS UNLESS IT WAS URGENT.' I'D BETTER FIND OUT WHY...
HEY, WILSON, COME BACK HERE!'
SURE!
IT'S JACK--AND HIS BROTHER! SOMETHING'S GONE WRONG.'
MOMENTS LATER...
JUST HAD A LITTLE TALK WITH A FRIEND OF MINE, WILSON.'
HE'S ON TO ME.'
THE ALERT NEWSMAN SUDDENLY SPRINTS INTO ACTION...
THAT FACE! I'VE SEEN IT SOMEWHERE BEFORE!
THE CHIEF'S WEARING A DISGUISE... THAT RING HE'S WEARING-- IS THE KEY TO IT.'
BAM
BAM

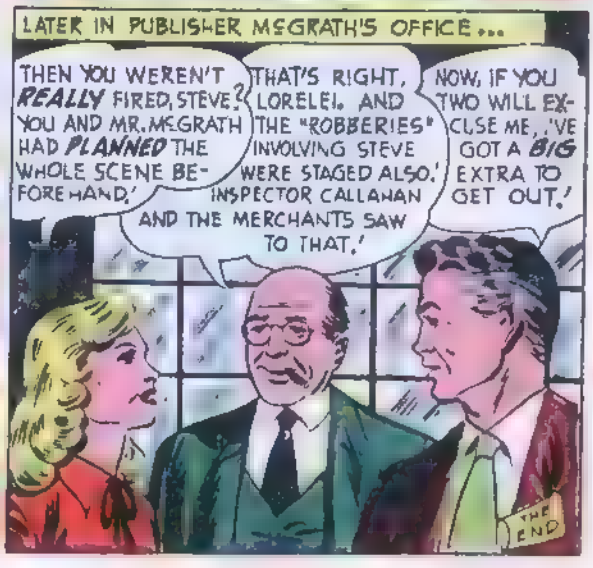

REACHING THE LOFT, STEVE QUICKLY IGNITES A BALE OF HAY AND RAMS IT INTO THE LADDER ENTRANCE...
THAT SHOULD STOP THOSE KILLERS FOR THE FEW MINUTES I NEED TILL CALLAHAN AND HIS MEN ARRIVE.'

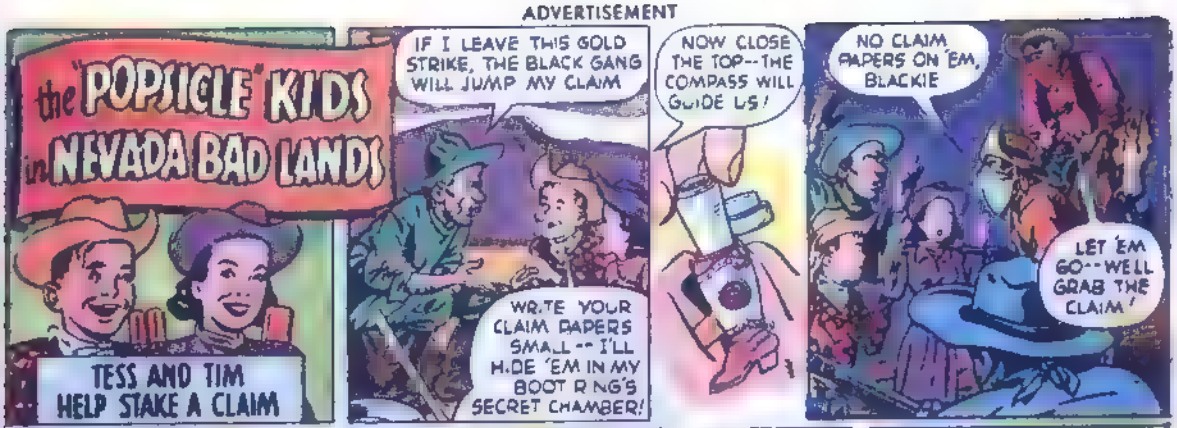

SHORTLY, THE FIGHTING NEWSMAN DROPS FROM THE SMOLDERING BUILDING AS...
WE NAILED EVERY ONE EXCEPT SOME BIG CHARACTER WHO ESCAPED IN A CAR, STEVE.'
THAT'S OUR MAN, CALLAHAN—THE CHIEF.' GRAB A SQUAD CAR... I THINK I KNOW WHERE TO GET HIM.'


TEN MINUTES LATER, AT THE ILLUSTRATED PRESS BUILDING...
STEVE! SURELY YOU DON'T EXPECT TO FIND THE CHIEF HERE?
WATCH.'


M-MISTER WILSON,' W-WHAT'S WRONG?
YOU'RE IN THE WRONG, CHIEF.' I'VE SPOTTED THIS SAPPHIRE STONE YOU HIDE IN YOUR PALM DOZENS OF TIMES.' BUT IT WASN'T UNTIL I SAW IT RIGHT SIDE UP ON THE CHIEF'S HAND, THAT THINGS TALLIED UP.' INSPECTOR--LOOK AROUND FOR HIS DISGUISE.'


DARK GLASSES AND A PHONEY MUSTACHE.'
THAT'S IT.' WHEN I KNOCKED THIS CHARACTER'S GLASSES OFF I KNEW HE LOOKED FAMILIAR--NO WONDER NO ONE COULD FIND HIM FOR US.' HE WAS LIVING A DOUBLE LIFE RIGHT UNDER OUR EYES.' BUT HERE'S WHERE YOU SETTLE DOWN.
UHHH.'


LATER IN PUBLISHER MCGRATH'S OFFICE...
THEN YOU WEREN'T REALLY FIRED, STEVE?
THAT'S RIGHT, LORELEI. AND THE "ROBBERIES" INVOLVING STEVE WERE STAGED ALSO.' INSPECTOR CALLAHAN AND THE MERCHANTS SAW TO THAT.'
NOW, IF YOU TWO WILL EXCUSE ME, I'VE GOT A BIG EXTRA TO GET OUT.'
THE END


the "POPSICLE" KIDS in NEVADA BAD LANDS
TESS AND TIM HELP STAKE A CLAIM
IF I LEAVE THIS GOLD STRIKE, THE BLACK GANG WILL JUMP MY CLAIM
WRITE YOUR CLAIM PAPERS SMALL -- I'LL HIDE 'EM IN MY BOOT RING'S SECRET CHAMBER!
NOW CLOSE THE TOP--THE COMPASS WILL GUIDE US!
NO CLAIM PAPERS ON 'EM, BLACKIE
LET 'EM GO--WE'LL GRAB THE CLAIM!

THEY MISSED THE CLAIM PAPERS. HERE, READ 'EM WITH THE MAGNIFYING GLASS OF MY BOOT RING!
THAT CLAIM'S SAFE--NOW WE'LL GET THAT GANG!
KIDS, YOU SAVED MY RICHEST STRIKE!
THANKS TO MY "POPSICLE" BOOT RING!
JAIL'S TOO GOOD FOR YOU!
YOUR BOOT RING SURE SAVED THE DAY, TIM!
I'M SENDING FOR MY BOOT RING RIGHT NOW!
Popsicle Pete

SWELL MAGNIFYING AND BURNING GLASS
SECRET CODE CHART
HANDY MAGNETIC COMPASS
NIFTY HIDDEN CHAMBER
BOOT RING
with Polka Dots
from either
"FUDGSICLE"
"CREAMSICLE" or
"DREAMSICLE"
or any on-a-stick confection box that says "POPSICLE PETE" and "SAVE THESE BAGS FOR GIFTS"
REAL WILD WEST BRAND TO MARK YOUR BELONGINGS!
FAITHFUL MODEL OF REAL COWBOY BOOT
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FITS ANY FINGER!
SEND FOR GIANT GIFT LIST IT'S FREE!
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HEADLINE HEROES

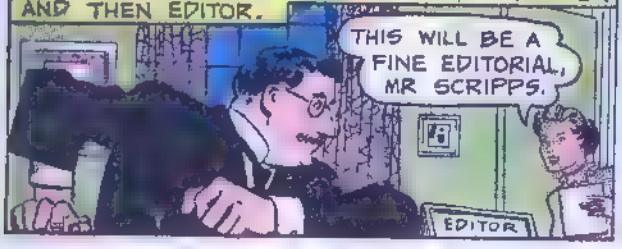
JAMES EDMOND **SCRIPPS** (1835 - 1906) NEWSPAPER PUBLISHER AND WRITER.

HIS CAREER IN JOURNALISM BEGAN WITH THE CHICAGO ***DAILY TRIBUNE***, AND LATER HE JOINED THE STAFF OF THE DETROIT ***DAILY ADVERTISER***. UPON THE CONSOLIDATION OF THE TWO PAPERS, HE BECAME THEIR BUSINESS MANAGER AND THEN EDITOR.

SERVED ON THE MICHIGAN STATE SENATE; WAS ONE OF THE FOUNDERS OF THE DETROIT MUSEUM OF ART; AND DONOR OF A PARK TO THE CITY OF DETROIT.

SCRIPPS, A LONG TIME ADVOCATE OF A SMALL, CONDENSED EVENING PAPER, ESTABLISHED THE ***EVENING NEWS*** IN 1873 TO SELL FOR TWO CENTS. THE SUCCESS WAS IMMEDIATE, AND WITHIN A YEAR IT BECAME THE LEADING PAPER IN MICHIGAN.

IN PARTNERSHIP WITH A COUSIN AND TWO BROTHERS, SCRIPPS FOUNDED THE CLEVELAND ***PENNY PRESS***; ST. LOUIS ***EVENING CHRONICLE***; AND THE CINCINNATI ***PENNY POST***. THESE PAPERS PLUS THE DETROIT JOURNALS ALL OWNED BY ONE FAMILY, COMPRISED THE FIRST CHAIN OF DAILY NEWSPAPERS IN THIS COUNTRY.



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—by Bristol-Myers, makers of famous Vitalis

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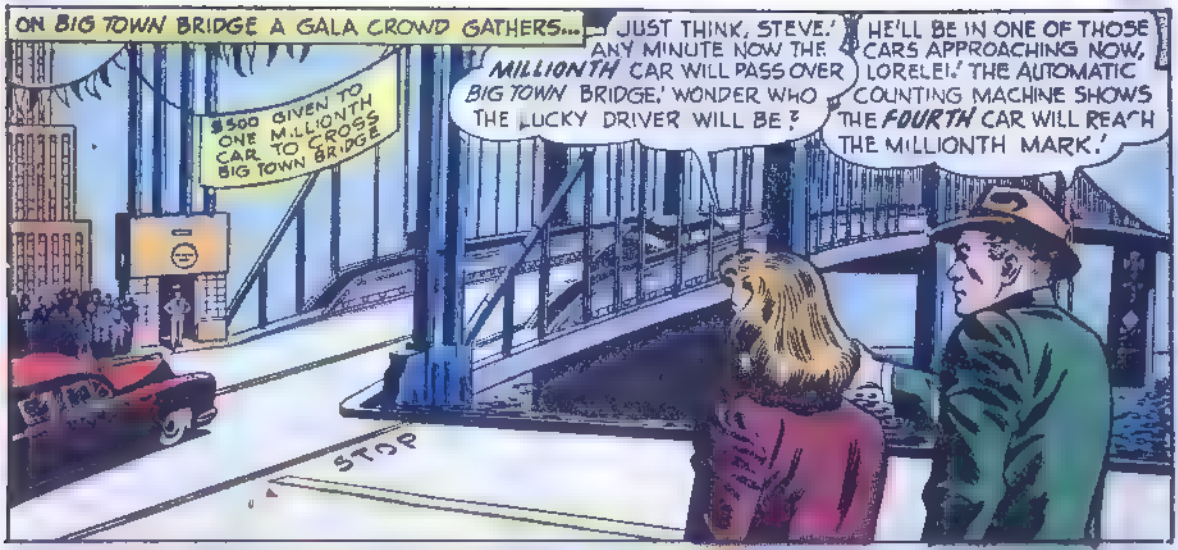
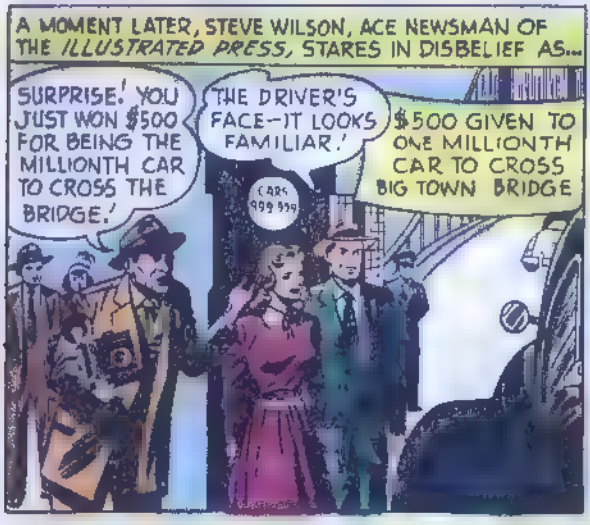
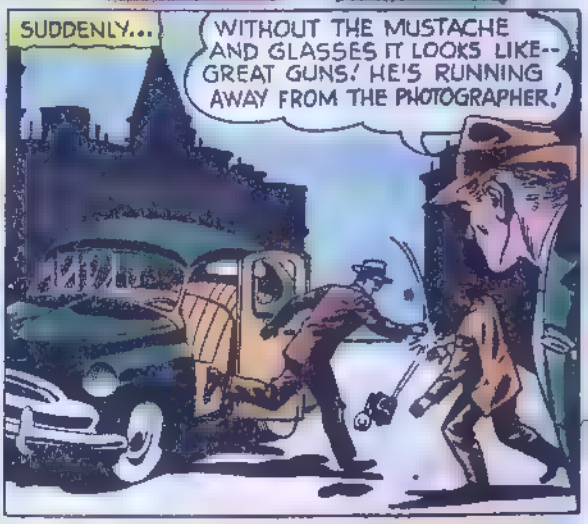
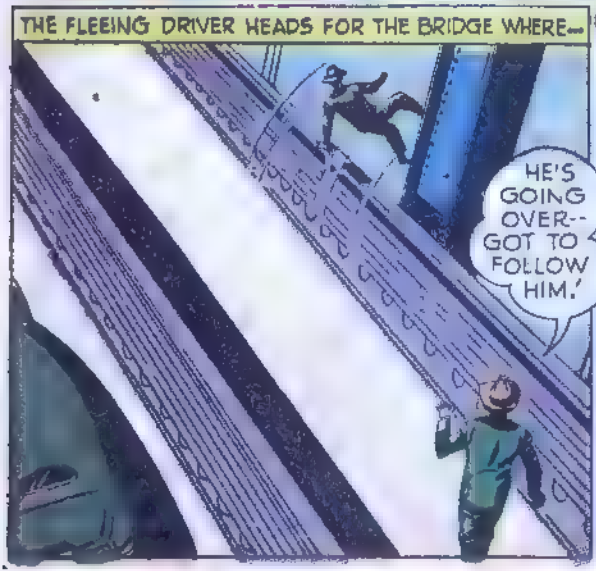
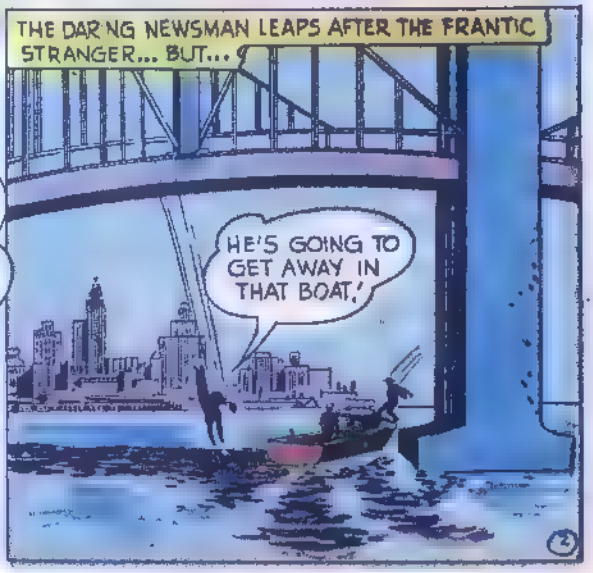
BIG TOWN
WILSON'S GONE MAD--BATTLING EDDIE ZUTO.'
ZUTO'S BEEN DEAD FOR YEARS.'
A FLEETING GLIMPSE OF A SEEMINGLY UNIMPORTANT PERSON SET OFF A CHAIN REACTION OF MURDER AND MYSTERY WITHIN THE HEART OF BIG TOWN.' AND PEOPLE STARED IN ASTONISHMENT AS STEVE WILSON, FIGHTING NEWSMAN OF THE ILLUSTRATED PRESS, THREW LOGIC AND REASON OUT OF THE WINDOW IN HIS DESPERATE PURSUIT OF...
"The Man Who Died Yesterday!"


ON BIG TOWN BRIDGE A GALA CROWD GATHERS...
$500 GIVEN TO ONE MILLIONTH CAR TO CROSS BIG TOWN BRIDGE
STOP
JUST THINK, STEVE! ANY MINUTE NOW THE MILLIONTH CAR WILL PASS OVER BIG TOWN BRIDGE! WONDER WHO THE LUCKY DRIVER WILL BE?
HE'LL BE IN ONE OF THOSE CARS APPROACHING NOW, LORELEI! THE AUTOMATIC COUNTING MACHINE SHOWS THE FOURTH CAR WILL REACH THE MILLIONTH MARK!


A MOMENT LATER, STEVE WILSON, ACE NEWSMAN OF THE ILLUSTRATED PRESS, STARES IN DISBELIEF AS...
SURPRISE! YOU JUST WON $500 FOR BEING THE MILLIONTH CAR TO CROSS THE BRIDGE!
THE DRIVER'S FACE—IT LOOKS FAMILIAR!
CARS 999,999
$500 GIVEN TO ONE MILLIONTH CAR TO CROSS BIG TOWN BRIDGE

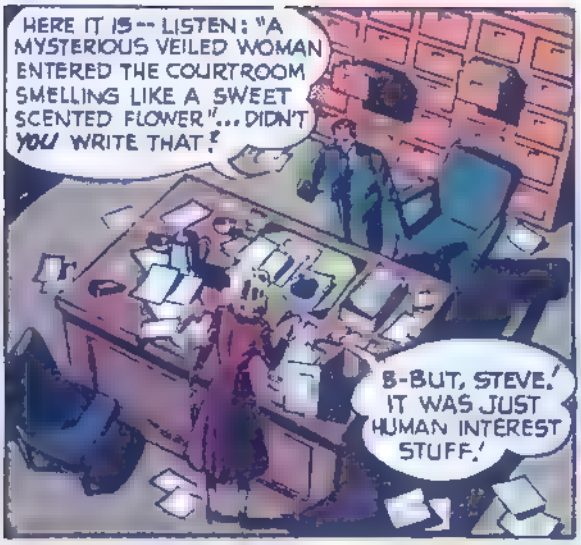

SUDDENLY...
WITHOUT THE MUSTACHE AND GLASSES IT LOOKS LIKE—GREAT GUNS! HE'S RUNNING AWAY FROM THE PHOTOGRAPHER!

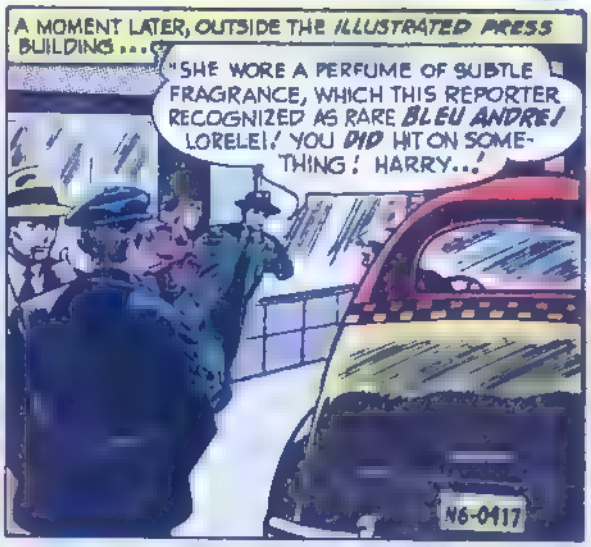

THE FLEEING DRIVER HEADS FOR THE BRIDGE WHERE...
HE'S GOING OVER—GOT TO FOLLOW HIM!

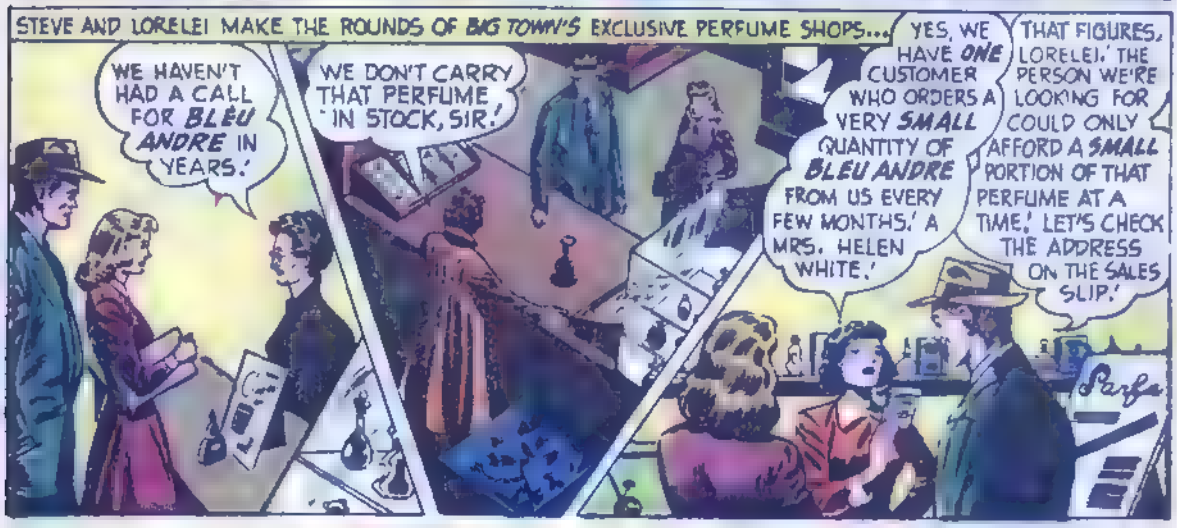

THE DARING NEWSMAN LEAPS AFTER THE FRANTIC STRANGER... BUT...
HE'S GOING TO GET AWAY IN THAT BOAT!

AS THE FUGITIVE RIDES OFF...
IT'S EDDIE ZUTO, OR HIS TWIN BROTHER, AND YET--I SAW HIS BODY AFTER HE WAS KILLED!
LATER, IN THE OFFICE OF THE ILLUSTRATED PRESS...
BUT, STEVE, ZUTO WAS KILLED AT STATE PRISON. THIS CRACKPOT WHO LEAPED OFF THE BRIDGE MAY JUST LOOK LIKE HIM.
IT'S MORE THAN A GENERAL RESEMBLANCE, INSPECTOR CALLAHAN. I INTERVIEWED ZUTO MANY TIMES, AND I SAY IT'S ZUTO.
AS STEVE HOLDS THE "DECEASED" CRIMINAL'S PICTURE...
IT DOES LOOK LIKE THE MAN ON THE BRIDGE.
DO YOU REMEMBER THE WEEK ZUTO MADE HIS FATAL BREAK FOR FREEDOM, INSPECTOR?
"YOU QUESTIONED HIM IN HIS CELL..."
ZUTO! YOU MIGHT GET OUT OF HERE QUICKER IF YOU COME CLEAN AND TELL US WHERE YOU HID THE WINSTON PAYROLL MONEY!
DO YOU THINK I'D BE HERE IF I HAD MONEY LIKE THAT? I'M PLAYING A GAME, SEE. NOW LEAVE ME ALONE!
GAME? WHAT GAME? TALK SENSE, ZUTO!
I AM! I NEVER PULLED A JOB IN MY LIFE, I WOULDN'T EVEN BE GOING THROUGH ALL THIS IF I DIDN'T NEED THE DOUGH BAD. NOW, GET OUTA HERE, AND LEAVE ME ALONE!
"REMEMBER WHAT WE THOUGHT OF THE INTERVIEW AT THE TIME, CALLAHAN?..."
ZUTO'S EITHER CRAZY--OR HIDING SOMETHING.
MAYBE ANOTHER VISIT WILL TELL US.
3

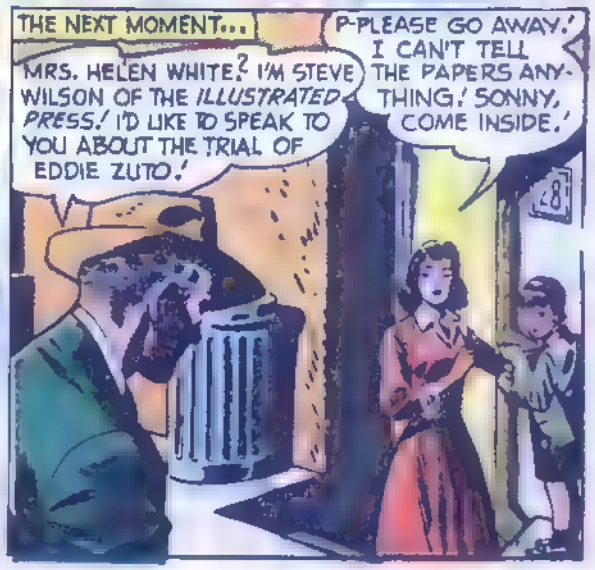
"WE RETURNED WHEN ZUTO MADE HIS MAD BREAK FOR FREEDOM..."
"WE SAW HIM DART ALONG THE PRISON WALL IN AN ATTEMPT TO REACH THE GUARD'S LADDER AT THE NORTH CORNER"...
HE IS MAD.'
THEY'VE GOT HIM.'
BAM BAM BAM
"AND WE REACHED HIS SIDE JUST AS..."
LISTEN... I AIN'T REALLY EDDIE ZUTO... I--I NEEDED SOME MONEY, SEE... AND... IF I DIDN'T PLAY BALL WITH HIM... HE WOULD HAVE KILLED MY... OH-H-H...
AS STEVE FINISHES RECALLING THE STRANGE STORY...
STEVE.' YOU'RE NOT SERIOUSLY CONSIDERING THAT DYING MAN'S STATEMENT.' WHY, A SWITCH LIKE THAT WOULD BE IMPOSSIBLE: AT THE TRIAL ZUTO WAS DENTIFED BY SEVERAL PEOPLE.'
THEY COULD HAVE BEEN WRONG, INSPECTOR.' REMEMBER, THE REAL ZUTO HAD NEVER BEEN FINGERPRINTED.'
THIS STORY'S ALL YOURS, STEVE.' I STILL THINK YOU'RE IMAGINING THINGS.'
NEWSPAPERMAN'S PREROGATIVE, CALLAHAN.' BE SEEING YOU.' LORELEI.' DIG UP ALL THE INFORMATION YOU CAN ON THAT "MYSTERY WOMAN" AT THE TRIAL.' WE MIGHT CATCH A LEAD THERE.'
LATER, STEVE AND HIS LOVELY ASSISTANT, LORELEI, PORE OVER COUNTLESS CLIPPINGS ON THE "MYSTERY WOMAN"...
OH, STEVE.' THERE'S NOTHING REALLY MYSTERIOUS ABOUT A FEMALE WEARING A BLACK VEIL AT A TRIAL.' SHE WAS PROBABLY SOMEONE WHO DIDN'T WANT TO BE RECOGNIZED.'
THEN WHY DID SHE CRY OUT WHEN SENTENCE WAS PRONOUNCED? ZUTO HAD NO WIFE OR GIRL FRIEND--YET SHE BROKE DOWN.' THERE WAS SOMETHING WRITTEN ABOUT HER... REMEMBER--?


HERE IT IS -- LISTEN: "A MYSTERIOUS VEILED WOMAN ENTERED THE COURTROOM SMELLING LIKE A SWEET SCENTED FLOWER"... DIDN'T YOU WRITE THAT?
B-BUT, STEVE! IT WAS JUST HUMAN INTEREST STUFF!


A MOMENT LATER, OUTSIDE THE ILLUSTRATED PRESS BUILDING...
"SHE WORE A PERFUME OF SUBTLE FRAGRANCE, WHICH THIS REPORTER RECOGNIZED AS RARE BLEU ANDRE! LORELEI! YOU DID HIT ON SOMETHING! HARRY...!
N6-0417


STEVE AND LORELEI MAKE THE ROUNDS OF BIG TOWN'S EXCLUSIVE PERFUME SHOPS...
WE HAVEN'T HAD A CALL FOR BLEU ANDRE IN YEARS!
WE DON'T CARRY THAT PERFUME IN STOCK, SIR!
YES, WE HAVE ONE CUSTOMER WHO ORDERS A VERY SMALL QUANTITY OF BLEU ANDRE FROM US EVERY FEW MONTHS! A MRS. HELEN WHITE!
THAT FIGURES, LORELEI! THE PERSON WE'RE LOOKING FOR COULD ONLY AFFORD A SMALL PORTION OF THAT PERFUME AT A TIME! LET'S CHECK THE ADDRESS ON THE SALES SLIP!

SHORTLY, ON THE WEST SIDE...
THIS MUST BE IT, STEVE!
HELLO, SON! COULD YOU TELL ME WHERE MRS. WHITE LIVES?
5


THE NEXT MOMENT...
MRS. HELEN WHITE? I'M STEVE WILSON OF THE ILLUSTRATED PRESS! I'D LIKE TO SPEAK TO YOU ABOUT THE TRIAL OF EDDIE ZUTO!
P-PLEASE GO AWAY! I CAN'T TELL THE PAPERS ANYTHING! SONNY, COME INSIDE!

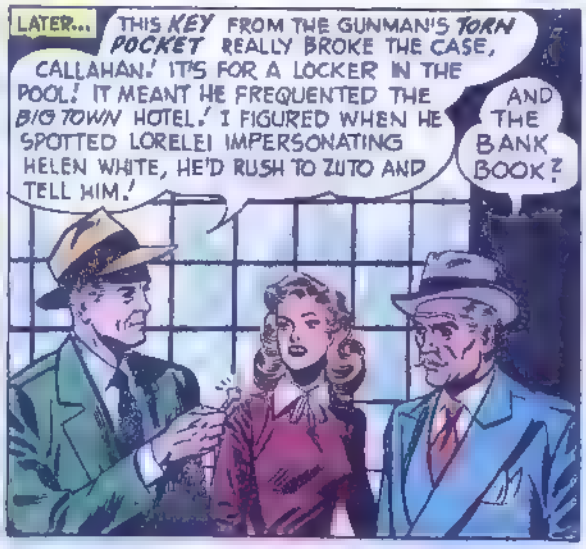
SUDDENLY...
BUT MRS. WHITE--
THAT CAR... IT'S THE SAME ONE WHICH WAS PARKED IN BACK OF HARRY THE HACK WHEN WE LEFT THE OFFICE...
EVERYONE--INSIDE--QUICK!
WE ARE ONTO SOMETHING--THAT CAR MUST HAVE TAILED US FROM THE PRESS BUILDING! SOMEBODY WANTS MRS. WHITE DEAD!
RAT TAT TAT
A MOMENT LATER, THE CAR GETS OUT OF CONTROL AND SIDESWIPES A LAMPPOST...
CRASH CRASH
GOT TO MOVE FAST WHILE THESE BIRDS ARE STILL IN A DAZE!
QUITE AN OCCUPATION--SHOOTING AT WOMEN AND KIDS! WHERE'S YOUR TOUGHNESS NOW, BUSTER?
QUICKLY STEVE RUSHES BEHIND THE CAR TO GRAPPLE WITH THE SECOND GUNMAN...
I'LL BLAST YOU WIDE OPEN--
DROP IT!
6

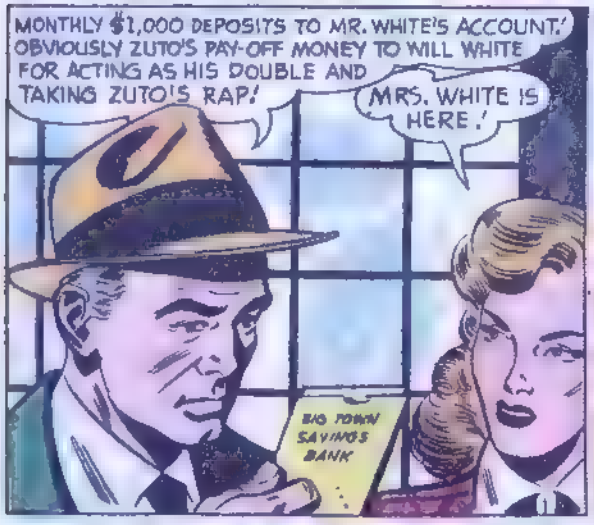
SUDDENLY, THE DRIVER SLAMS THE GEARS INTO REVERSE AND...
YOU GOT 'IM, JOEY.
GET INSIDE.' THE COPS'LL BE CLIMBING ALL OVER THIS PLACE ANY SECOND NOW.'
RIPPP
A MOMENT LATER...
STEVE... ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?
I'M OKAY, LORELEI.' BUT THEY GOT AWAY.' WHERE'S MRS. WHITE?
INSIDE THE APARTMENT...
SHE'S GONE, STEVE.' WHILE I WAS BUSY TELEPHONING INSPECTOR CALLAHAN, SHE MUST HAVE RUSHED OUT OF THE REAR DOOR WITH THE CHILD.'
THAT'S GREAT.' A HELPLESS WOMAN RUNNING LOOSE THROUGH BIG TOWN WITH A PACK OF KILLERS AFTER HER.' LET'S SEE WHAT WE CAN FIND HERE.'
WE'RE RIGHT, LORELEI.' THE MAN WHO DIED AT STATE'S PRISON WASN'T ZUTO, BUT HIS DOUBLE. HE WAS WILL WHITE, HELEN WHITE'S HUSBAND.'
BUT, STEVE.' WHY WOULD SHE LET HER HUSBAND BE FRAMED LIKE THAT? WHY DIDN'T SHE GO TO THE POLICE?
HELLO, WHAT'S THIS? HMM--! I'M NOT SO SURE WILL WHITE WAS FRAMED.' INSPECTOR CALLAHAN WILL BE INTERESTED IN THIS.'
WHEN THE INSPECTOR ARRIVES...
SO, THE REAL EDDIE ZUTO'S STILL ALIVE.' WHAT HAVE YOU GOT THERE, STEVE?
THE GUNMAN'S POCKET TORE OFF IN MY HAND WHEN I WAS STRUCK. THERE'S A KEY IN IT--THAT'S A CLUE.'

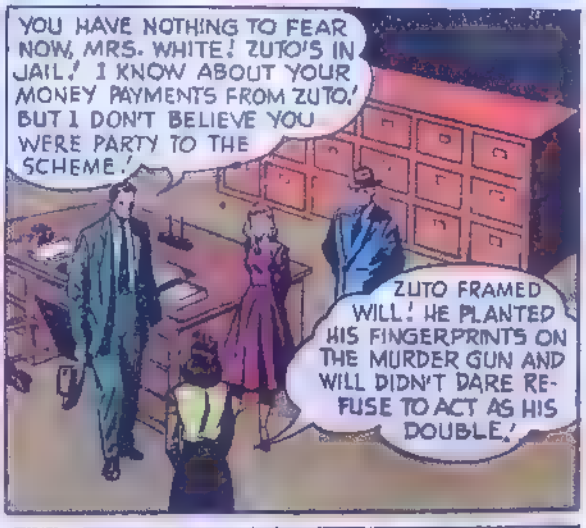
I'M GOING TO GET OUT AN ALARM FOR ZUTO! AND SEE IF I CAN FIND MRS. WHITE AND HER SON - FOR THEIR PROTECTION.
RIGHT, CALLAHAN. THOUGH I DON'T THINK IT WILL DO MUCH GOOD. I'LL PHONE YOU IF I CAN UNCOVER ANYTHING
LATER, AT THE ILLUSTRATED PRESS...
FIND ANYTHING AT THE BANK, STEVE?
ENOUGH TO JUSTIFY A BIG GAMBLE, LORELEI. BUT I'LL LEAVE IT ENTIRELY UP TO YOU. THE LIVES OF MRS. WHITE AND HER SON MAY REST ON YOUR ANSWER.
I KNOW— I'M WAITING FOR THE BIG APE TO MAKE A MOVE.
SHOW
I'M BEING WATCHED CLOSELY, STEVE.
MUSTN'T LET ANYTHING GO WRONG
FOR THE NEXT FEW DAYS, LORELEI KILBOURNE, WITH HAIR DYED BROWN, LOUNGES AT BIG TOWN HOTEL'S SWIMMING POOL - AND HOVERING NEARBY IS AN ANXIOUS STEVE...
THE MAKE UP EXPERT DID A GREAT JOB! LORELEI IS ALMOST A DEAD RINGER FOR MRS. WHITE.
NEAR THE END OF DAY...
THAT'S THE GUNMAN I BATTLED WITH ALL RIGHT, HE'S UP TO SOMETHING I'LL FOLLOW HIM IN THE UNDERWATER VIEW PLATE.
THE GLASS VIEW PLATE REVEALS...
GREAT THUNDER!
3

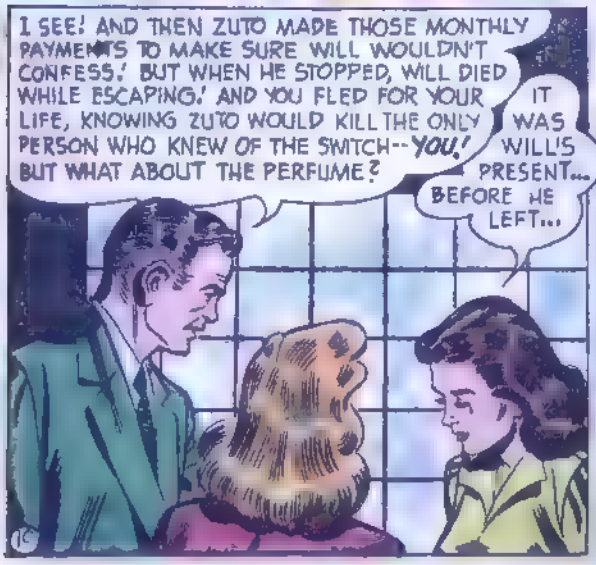
A MOMENT LATER...
HE'S MISTAKEN LORELEI FOR MRS. WHITE.'
AS STEVE REACHES THE STRUGGLING PAIR...
HE'S DROPPED THE KNIFE.'
THEN...AS STEVE BRINGS THE GUNMAN TO THE SURFACE...
LORELEI! STAY IN THE POOL! YOU'RE NOT SAFE YET.'
QUICKLY THE NEWSMAN PULLS THE UNCONSCIOUS THUG ONTO THE POOL'S RIM AND...
THAT MUST BE HIM! HE'S TOO OVERDRESSED FOR THIS PLACE.'
S-SOMEBODY GET HELP.'
EXIT
I'LL CALL THE POLICE.'
I'VE ALREADY DONE THAT.'
MASQUERADE'S OVER, EDDIE ZUTO.' AND THIS TIME THERE'S NO BRIDGE TO DIVE DOWN FROM--AFTER BEING RATTLED BY A PHOTOGRAPHER.'
THINK YOU'RE TOPS, HUH?
9

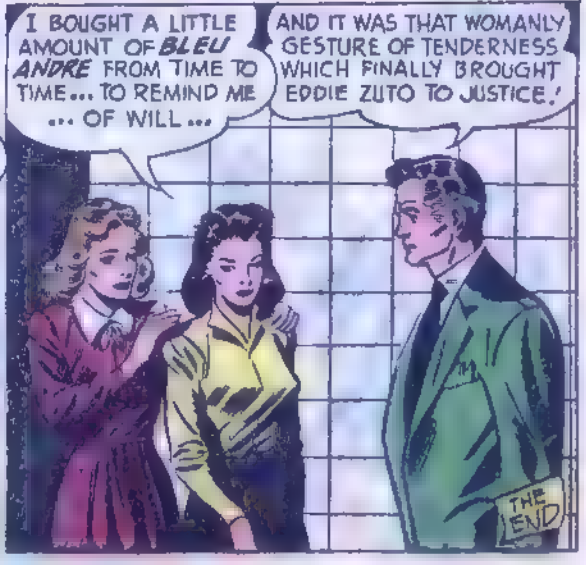
I'LL BLAST YOU--
POOL
YOU SHOULD NEVER HAVE STARTED TAILING ME ONCE YOU SPOTTED ME ON THE BRIDGE, ZUTO! YOU CHASED ME UNTIL I CAUGHT YOU!


LATER...
THIS KEY FROM THE GUNMAN'S TORN POCKET REALLY BROKE THE CASE, CALLAHAN! IT'S FOR A LOCKER IN THE POOL! IT MEANT HE FREQUENTED THE BIG TOWN HOTEL! I FIGURED WHEN HE SPOTTED LORELEI IMPERSONATING HELEN WHITE, HE'D RUSH TO ZUTO AND TELL HIM!
AND THE BANK BOOK?


MONTHLY $1,000 DEPOSITS TO MR. WHITE'S ACCOUNT! OBVIOUSLY ZUTO'S PAY-OFF MONEY TO WILL WHITE FOR ACTING AS HIS DOUBLE AND TAKING ZUTO'S RAP!
MRS. WHITE IS HERE!
BIG TOWN SAVINGS BANK


YOU HAVE NOTHING TO FEAR NOW, MRS. WHITE! ZUTO'S IN JAIL! I KNOW ABOUT YOUR MONEY PAYMENTS FROM ZUTO! BUT I DON'T BELIEVE YOU WERE PARTY TO THE SCHEME!
ZUTO FRAMED WILL! HE PLANTED HIS FINGERPRINTS ON THE MURDER GUN AND WILL DIDN'T DARE REFUSE TO ACT AS HIS DOUBLE!


I SEE! AND THEN ZUTO MADE THOSE MONTHLY PAYMENTS TO MAKE SURE WILL WOULDN'T CONFESS! BUT WHEN HE STOPPED, WILL DIED WHILE ESCAPING! AND YOU FLED FOR YOUR LIFE, KNOWING ZUTO WOULD KILL THE ONLY PERSON WHO KNEW OF THE SWITCH--YOU! BUT WHAT ABOUT THE PERFUME?
IT WAS WILL'S PRESENT... BEFORE HE LEFT...


I BOUGHT A LITTLE AMOUNT OF BLEU ANDRE FROM TIME TO TIME... TO REMIND ME ... OF WILL ...
AND IT WAS THAT WOMANLY GESTURE OF TENDERNESS WHICH FINALLY BROUGHT EDDIE ZUTO TO JUSTICE!
THE END

Captain Tootsie and his VACATION-TIME PALS
BY BILL SCHREIBER
THIS IS IT, BOYS! THE ALLENHURST BEACH CLUB AND THE BIG RACE IN THE PAPERWEIGHT DIVISION! NOW REMEMBER WHAT I TOLD YOU, PETER AND JOE, BODY OUT FLAT - CHURN STROKES FORWARD BREATHE THROUGH MOUTH - EXHALE THROUGH NOSE! TAKE A TOOTSIE ROLL FOR EXTRA ENERGY - NOW GO OUT THERE AND WIN!
GOOD START!
GO!
HA, HA, THEY HAVEN'T A CHANCE AGAINST LAST YEAR'S CHAMP!
COME ON, PETER JOE! YOU CAN WIN!
AT THE 40 YARD MARK JOE TRAILS THE CHAMP BY 2 STROKES
HURRY JOE!
COME ON PETER!
THE CHAMP IS GAINING!
INHALE THROUGH THE MOUTH, JOE!
HURRAY! JOE IS NEW CHAMP!
AND LOOK WHO'S RIGHT BEHIND HIM PETER!
ALLENHURST BEACH CLUB
PUFF PUFF
WELL DONE, BOYS! I AM PROUD OF YOU!
YOU TAUGHT US HOW, CAPTAIN TOOTSIE!
CAPTAIN TOOTSIE, YOU SURE TOOK ME BY SURPRISE! I THOUGHT YOUR BOYS HAD NO CHANCE... AND HERE THEY COME IN ONE, TWO! CONGRATULATIONS, FELLOWS!
TOOTSIE ROLLS AND PLENTY OF PRACTISE, AND MORE PRACTISE DID THE TRICK! NEXT TRAINING SESSION TOMORROW AT TEN - WILL YOU ALL BE THERE
YOU BET WE WILL!
Tootsie POPS 2¢
POP
CHERRY CHOCOLATE ORANGE LEMON LIME
DELICIOUS CHEWY TOOTSIE ROLL CENTER
Tootsie POPS 2¢ each
BOYS, GIRLS - MAKE YOUR FAVORITE CANDY, THE CHEWY, CHOCOLATY TOOTSIE ROLL... AND M-M-M TOOTSIE POPS!
Tootsie Roll
INDIVIDUALLY WRAPPED

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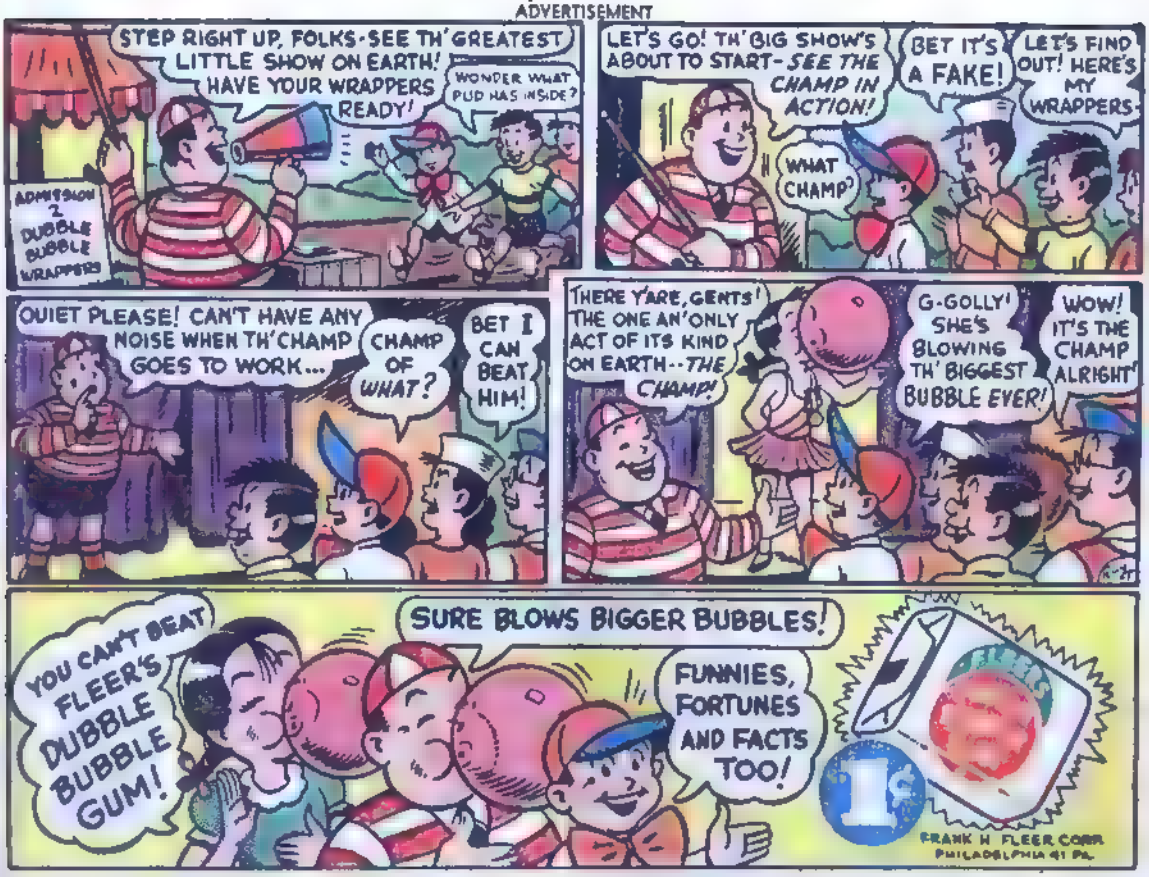
STEP RIGHT UP, FOLKS-SEE TH' GREATEST LITTLE SHOW ON EARTH! HAVE YOUR WRAPPERS READY!
WONDER WHAT PUD HAS INSIDE?
ADMISSION 2 DUBBLE BUBBLE WRAPPERS
LET'S GO! TH' BIG SHOW'S ABOUT TO START-SEE THE CHAMP IN ACTION!
BET IT'S A FAKE!
LET'S FIND OUT! HERE'S MY WRAPPERS-
WHAT CHAMP?
QUIET PLEASE! CAN'T HAVE ANY NOISE WHEN TH' CHAMP GOES TO WORK...
CHAMP OF WHAT?
BET I CAN BEAT HIM!
THERE Y'ARE, GENTS! THE ONE AN' ONLY ACT OF ITS KIND ON EARTH--THE CHAMP!
G-GOLLY! SHE'S BLOWING TH' BIGGEST BUBBLE EVER!
WOW! IT'S THE CHAMP ALRIGHT!
YOU CAN'T BEAT FLEER'S DUBBLE BUBBLE GUM!
SURE BLOWS BIGGER BUBBLES!
FUNNIES, FORTUNES AND FACTS TOO!
1¢
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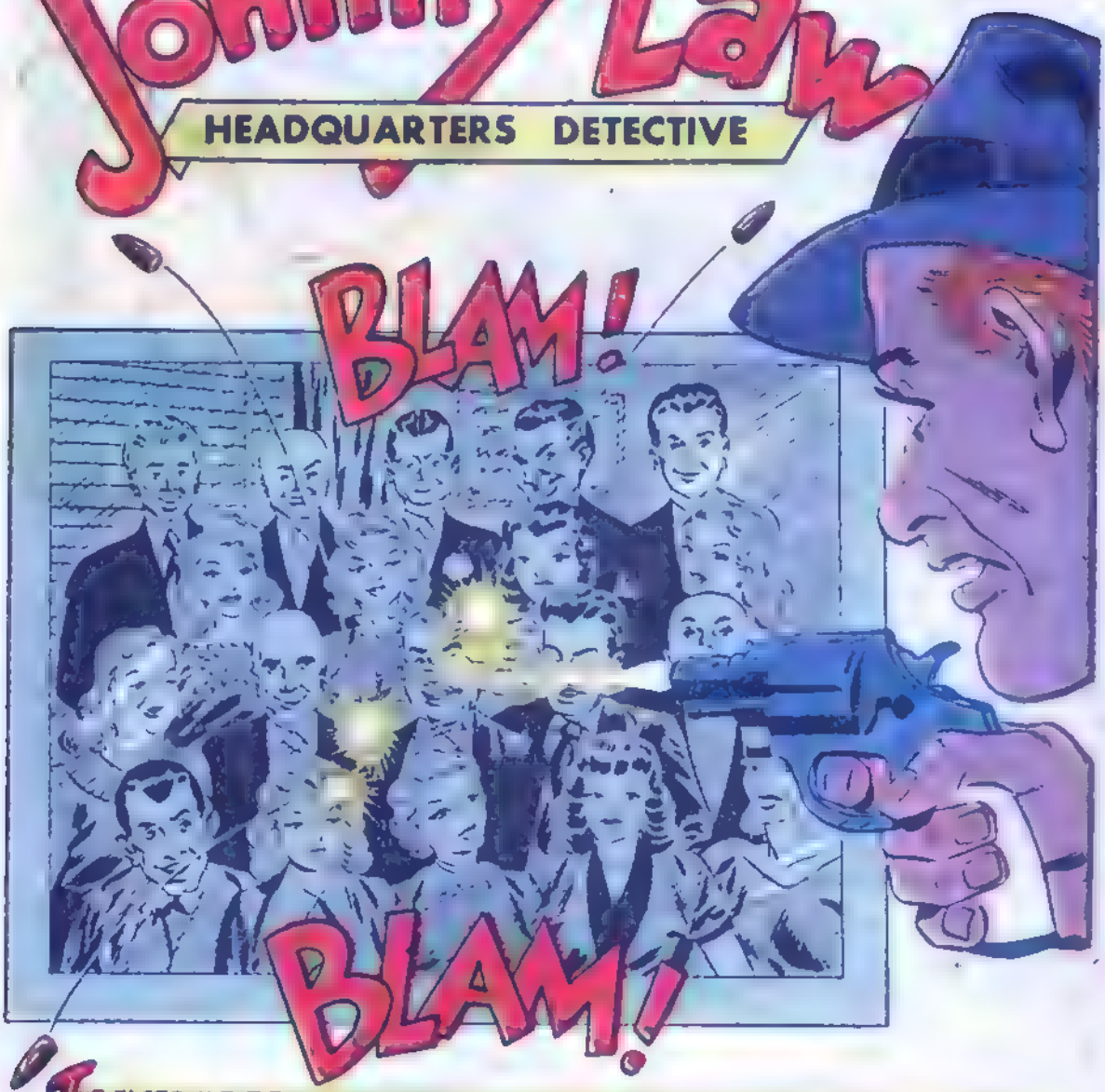
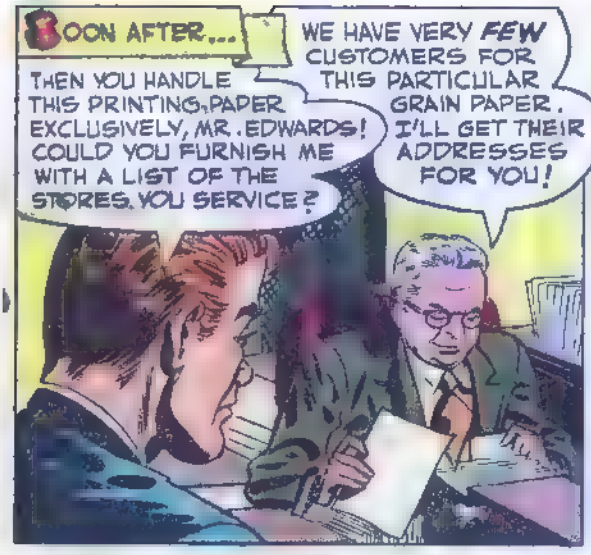
HEADQUARTERS DETECTIVE

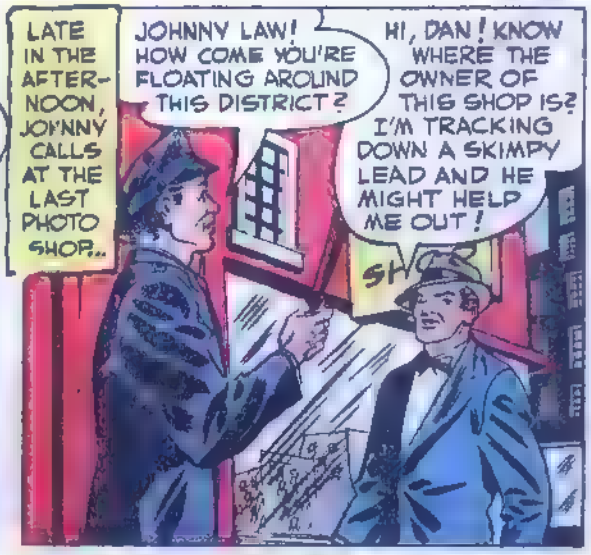


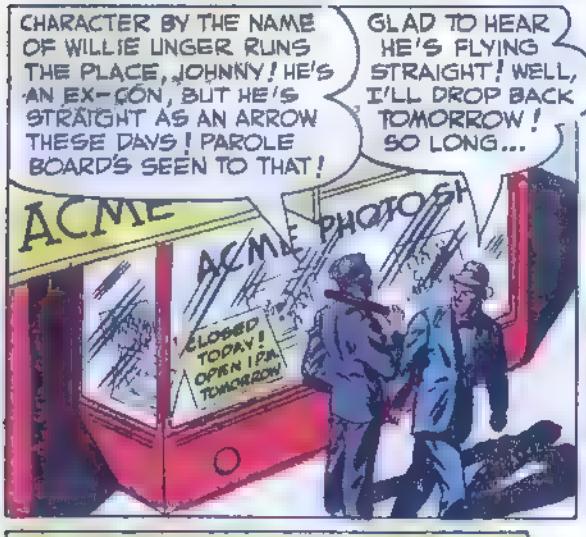
THE FACES IN THE PHOTO SEEMED TO LAUGH MOCKINGLY AT JOHNNY LAW, HARD-HITTING HEADQUARTERS DETECTIVE, AS HE STRUGGLED TO CRACK THE MOST PUZZLING CASE OF THE DECADE! COULD A CRIME MASTERMIND, HIDDEN SECURELY IN THE CRIMINAL UNDERGROUND, SUCCESSFULLY HURL THE FORCES OF LAW AND ORDER INTO BEWILDERMENT? THAT IS THE QUESTION JOHNNY LAW MUST ANSWER AS HE BECOMES ENTANGLED IN ...

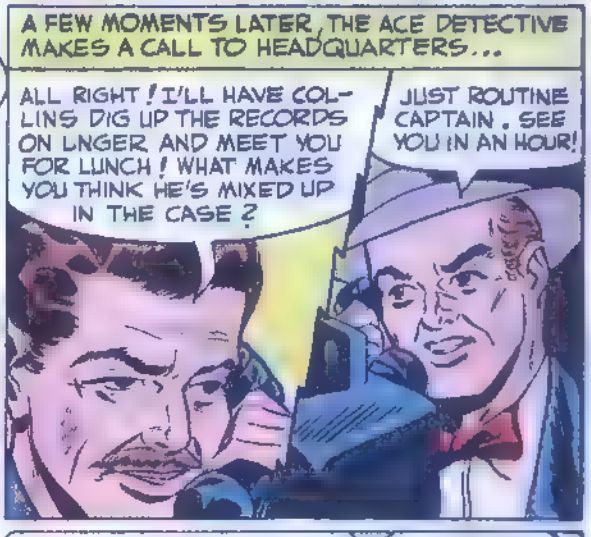
The NETWORK of CRIME

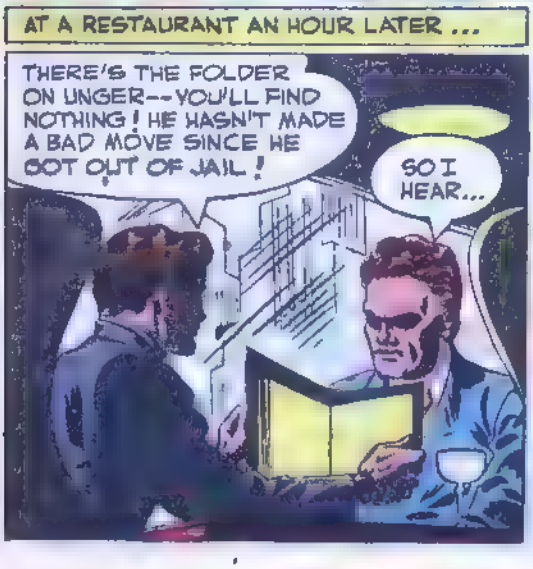
GUNFIRE ECHOES THROUGH THE DESERTED BUSINESS DISTRICT OF TOWN AS JOHNNY LAW AND POLICE OFFICERS CLOSE IN ON A WANTED CRIMINAL..
HE'S HEADING FOR THE SUBWAY ENTRANCE, JOHNNY!
IT'LL TAKE MORE THAN A TRAIN TO SAVE DANIELS THIS TIME!
AS THE HARD-HITTING HEADQUARTERS DETECTIVE REACHES THE TOP OF THE STAIRS ...
YOU'VE GOT A DATE WITH A JAIL CELL, DANIELS!
T-THE PHOTO...
SUDDENLY, THE UNDERWORLD HOODLUM WHEELS ABOUT AND...
THAT PHOTO MUST BE IMPORTANT FOR HIM TO RISK HIS LIFE FOR IT!
FAT CHANCE YOU GOT OF PULLIN' ME IN, LAW! OWW!
BLAM!
AS JOHNNY LAW STUDIES THE PHOTO... RECOVERED FROM HIS WOUNDED PRISONER ...
HMM-- JUST A GROUP PICTURE OF AN OFFICE PARTY! WONDER WHY A HOOD LIKE DANIELS WOULD DOUBLE BACK FOR IT?
SHORTLY, IN LT. MORLEY'S OFFICE AT HEADQUARTERS ...
BUT--JOHNNY! DO YOU MEAN TO STAND THERE AND TELL ME A KILLER LIKE DANIELS RISKED HIS NECK TO SAVE THAT PHOTO?
IT'S TRUE--I COULD HAVE PUMPED LEAD INTO HIM ALL DAY FOR THE TIME HE TOOK TO RECOVER THE PHOTO!
HERE'S THE LAB REPORT ON THE PHOTO, CAPTAIN!
I DON'T RECOGNIZE ANY OF THESE PEOPLE! IT'LL TAKE YEARS TO TRACK THEM DOWN!
LAB NOTE:
THE LAB'S REPORT SAYS THE PRINTING NUMBER ON THE BACK OF THE PHOTO IS CLASSIFIED! I'LL CHECK WITH THE DISTRIBUTOR!

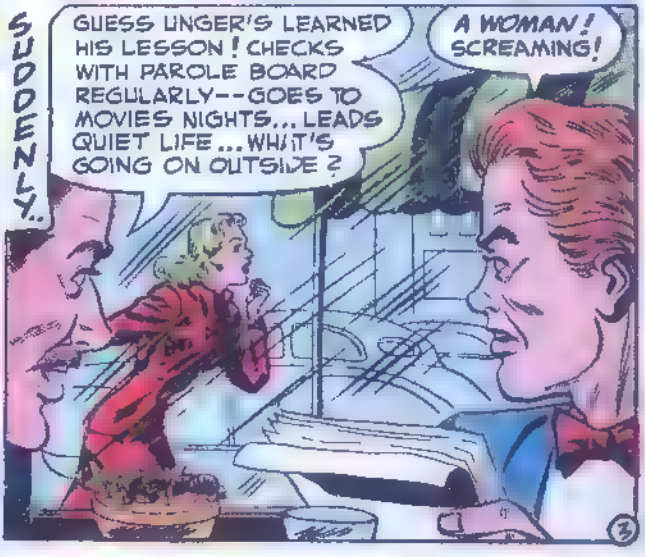

SOON AFTER...
WE HAVE VERY FEW CUSTOMERS FOR THIS PARTICULAR GRAIN PAPER. I'LL GET THEIR ADDRESSES FOR YOU!
THEN YOU HANDLE THIS PRINTING-PAPER EXCLUSIVELY, MR. EDWARDS! COULD YOU FURNISH ME WITH A LIST OF THE STORES YOU SERVICE?


LATE IN THE AFTER-NOON, JOHNNY CALLS AT THE LAST PHOTO SHOP...
JOHNNY LAW! HOW COME YOU'RE FLOATING AROUND THIS DISTRICT?
HI, DAN! KNOW WHERE THE OWNER OF THIS SHOP IS? I'M TRACKING DOWN A SKIMPY LEAD AND HE MIGHT HELP ME OUT!
SH

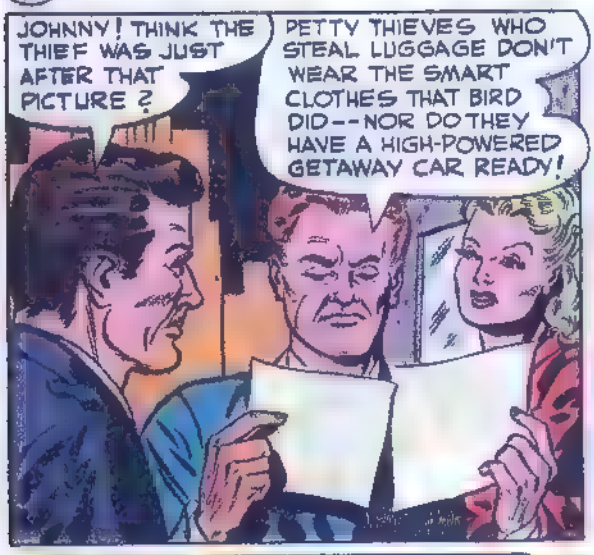

CHARACTER BY THE NAME OF WILLIE UNGER RUNS THE PLACE, JOHNNY! HE'S AN EX-CON, BUT HE'S STRAIGHT AS AN ARROW THESE DAYS! PAROLE BOARD'S SEEN TO THAT!
GLAD TO HEAR HE'S FLYING STRAIGHT! WELL, I'LL DROP BACK TOMORROW! SO LONG...
ACME PHOTOSHOP
CLOSED TODAY! OPEN 1 P.M. TOMORROW

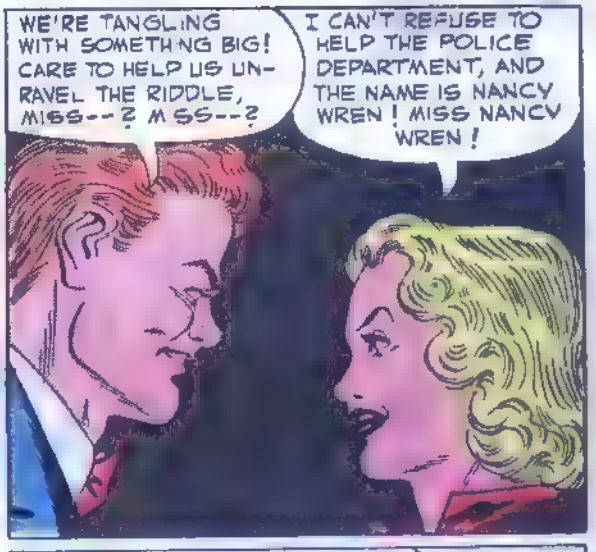

A FEW MOMENTS LATER, THE ACE DETECTIVE MAKES A CALL TO HEADQUARTERS...
ALL RIGHT! I'LL HAVE COLLINS DIG UP THE RECORDS ON UNGER AND MEET YOU FOR LUNCH! WHAT MAKES YOU THINK HE'S MIXED UP IN THE CASE?
JUST ROUTINE CAPTAIN. SEE YOU IN AN HOUR!

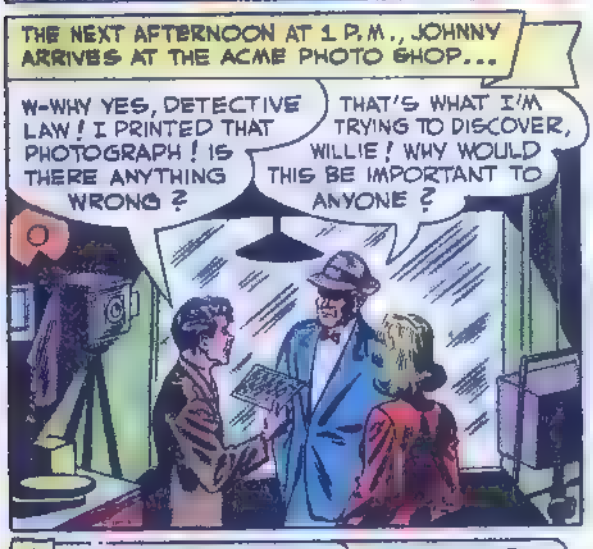

AT A RESTAURANT AN HOUR LATER ...
THERE'S THE FOLDER ON UNGER--YOU'LL FIND NOTHING! HE HASN'T MADE A BAD MOVE SINCE HE GOT OUT OF JAIL!
SO I HEAR...

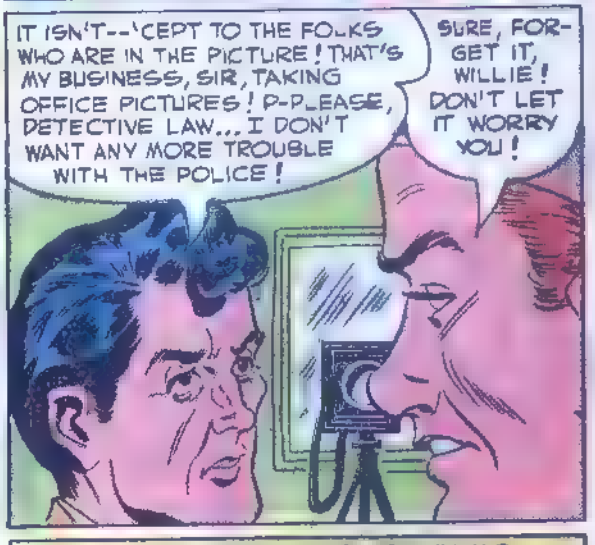

SUDDENLY..
GUESS UNGER'S LEARNED HIS LESSON! CHECKS WITH PAROLE BOARD REGULARLY--GOES TO MOVIES NIGHTS... LEADS QUIET LIFE... WHAT'S GOING ON OUTSIDE?
A WOMAN! SCREAMING!

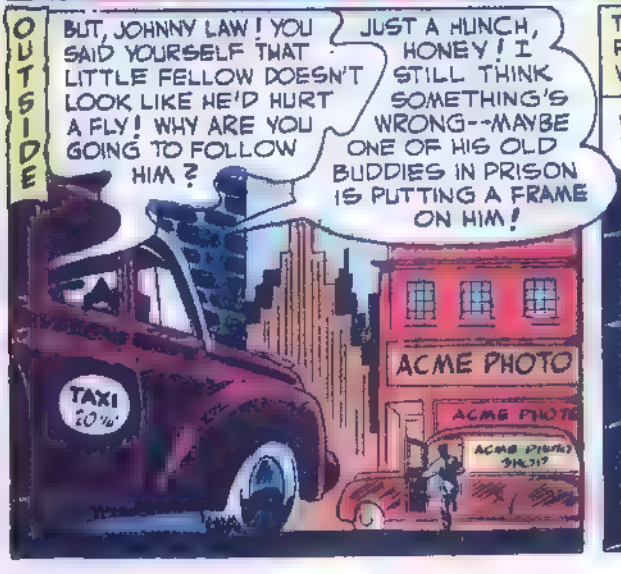
WISTLY THE FLEET-FOOTED DETECTIVE RUSHES TO THE STREET...
HELP! T-THAT MAN--STOLE MY LUGGAGE!
RELAX, HONEY! JOHNNY'S ON THE SPOT!
HOLD UP, BUSTER!
WHA...
SUDDENLY... THE CAR STARTS UNEXPECTEDLY..
UHHH...
MY THINGS--THEY'RE ALL OVER THE STREET!
DON'T WORRY ABOUT ME, MISS! TWENTY OR THIRTY STITCHES AND I'LL BE GOOD AS NEW!
I'M TERRIBLY SORRY! I DO APPRECIATE WHAT YOU'VE DONE!
FORGET IT! SAY... THIS PHOTO--WHERE DID YOU GET IT?
OH, THAT! IT'S JUST A PICTURE OF OUR OFFICE STAFF TAKEN AT A CELEBRATION! WHY?
MORLEY! DO YOU SEE WHAT I SEE?
THE SAME PICTURE WE NAILED DANIELS WITH!


JOHNNY! THINK THE THIEF WAS JUST AFTER THAT PICTURE?
PETTY THIEVES WHO STEAL LUGGAGE DON'T WEAR THE SMART CLOTHES THAT BIRD DID--NOR DO THEY HAVE A HIGH-POWERED GETAWAY CAR READY!


WE'RE TANGLING WITH SOMETHING BIG! CARE TO HELP US UNRAVEL THE RIDDLE, MISS--? MISS--?
I CAN'T REFUSE TO HELP THE POLICE DEPARTMENT, AND THE NAME IS NANCY WREN! MISS NANCY WREN!


THE NEXT AFTERNOON AT 1 P.M., JOHNNY ARRIVES AT THE ACME PHOTO SHOP...
W-WHY YES, DETECTIVE LAW! I PRINTED THAT PHOTOGRAPH! IS THERE ANYTHING WRONG?
THAT'S WHAT I'M TRYING TO DISCOVER, WILLIE! WHY WOULD THIS BE IMPORTANT TO ANYONE?

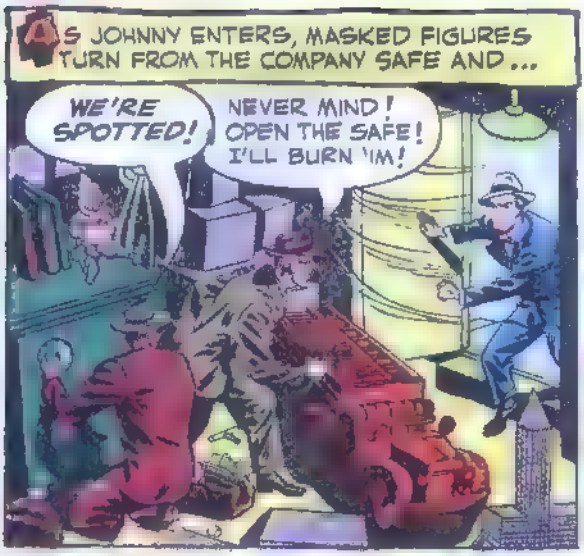

IT ISN'T--'CEPT TO THE FOLKS WHO ARE IN THE PICTURE! THAT'S MY BUSINESS, SIR, TAKING OFFICE PICTURES! P-PLEASE, DETECTIVE LAW... I DON'T WANT ANY MORE TROUBLE WITH THE POLICE!
SURE, FORGET IT, WILLIE! DON'T LET IT WORRY YOU!

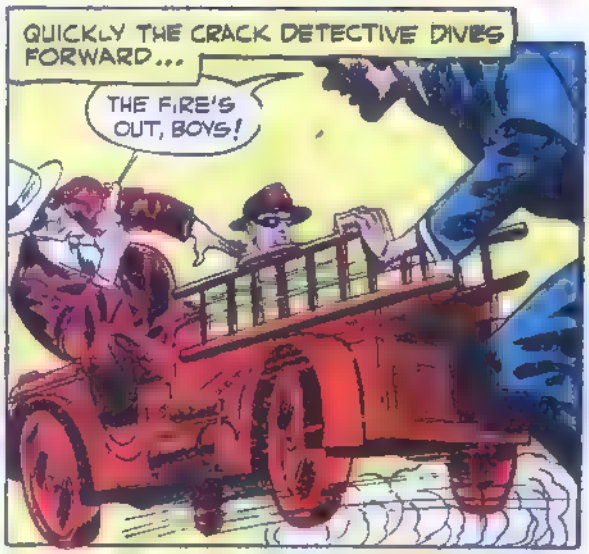

OUTSIDE
BUT, JOHNNY LAW! YOU SAID YOURSELF THAT LITTLE FELLOW DOESN'T LOOK LIKE HE'D HURT A FLY! WHY ARE YOU GOING TO FOLLOW HIM?
JUST A HUNCH, HONEY! I STILL THINK SOMETHING'S WRONG--MAYBE ONE OF HIS OLD BUDDIES IN PRISON IS PUTTING A FRAME ON HIM!
ACME PHOTO
TAXI

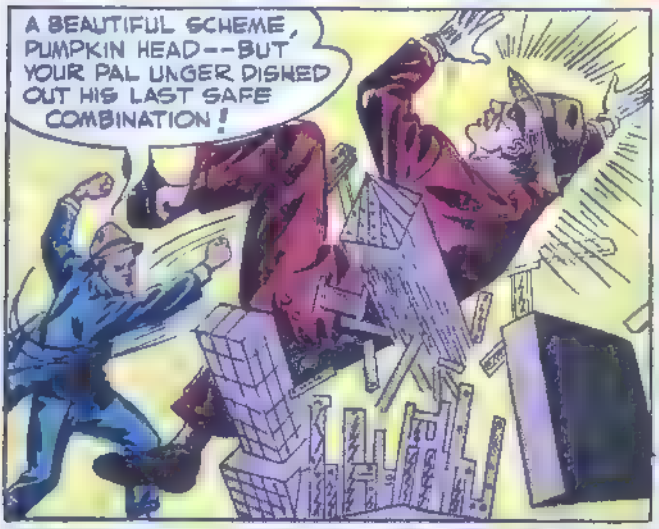
TEN MINUTES LATER, AFTER JOHNNY HAS FOLLOWED WILLIE UNGER TO THE HOTEL WENTON...
NOTHING VERY SUSPICIOUS ABOUT THAT BANQUET ROOM, JOHNNY!
KEEP YOUR EYES OPEN, NANCY! IF YOU SEE ANY CHARACTERS LURKING ABOUT THAT YOU REMEMBER WERE PRESENT AT YOUR OFFICE PARTY, LET ME KNOW!

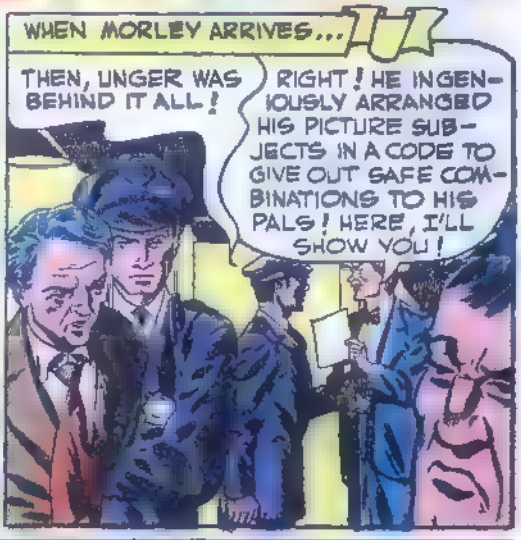
SHORTLY, A BRISK DISCUSSION TAKES PLACE...
B-BUT, MR. UNGER! GEORGE BENTOL IS ILL TODAY--IT WOULD BE IMPOSSIBLE TO GET HIM HERE FOR THE PICTURE!
YOU CONTRACTED FOR NINE MEN AND ELEVEN WOMEN, SIR! I DEPENDED ON IT. NOW, MY ENTIRE PICTURE LAY-OUT WILL BE RUINED!
THIS IS RIDICULOUS!
DETECTIVE LAW! PERHAPS YOU CAN HELP OUT!
YOU COULD ACT AS SUBSTITUTE IN MR. BENTOL'S POSITION! AT A LATER DATE I COULD TAKE A SINGLE SHOT OF MR. BENTOL AND INSERT IT IN THE PICTURE!
B-B-BUT?
WHY NOT GIVE IT A TRY! AT LEAST IT WOULD STOP ALL THIS WRANGLING--AND MR. BENTOL WOULD BE IN THE PICTURE LATER!
AT LENGTH THE GROUP PICTURE IS TAKEN...
THAT'S FINE, FOLKS! HOLD IT...
SUDDENLY, JOHNNY'S RATE SUPERIOR ENTERS...
ONE OF THE BIGGEST ROBBERIES IN THE CITY BREAKS WIDE OPEN AND I FIND YOU POSING FOR PICTURES! NOW, DISCONTINUE THIS INVESTIGATION TEMPORARILY AND GO TO THE CARLTON ARMS!
B-BUT--OH--ALL RIGHT!
LATER, AT THE CARLTON ARMS...
I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT, GENTLEMEN! ONLY MY WIFE AND I KNEW THE COMBINATION! 5 RIGHT, 4 LEFT, 6 LEFT, 5 RIGHT!
5 RIGHT, 4 LEFT, 6 LEFT, 5 RIGHT--HMM--THE NUMBERS TO THAT SAFE COMBINATION... THEY SOUND FAMILIAR!

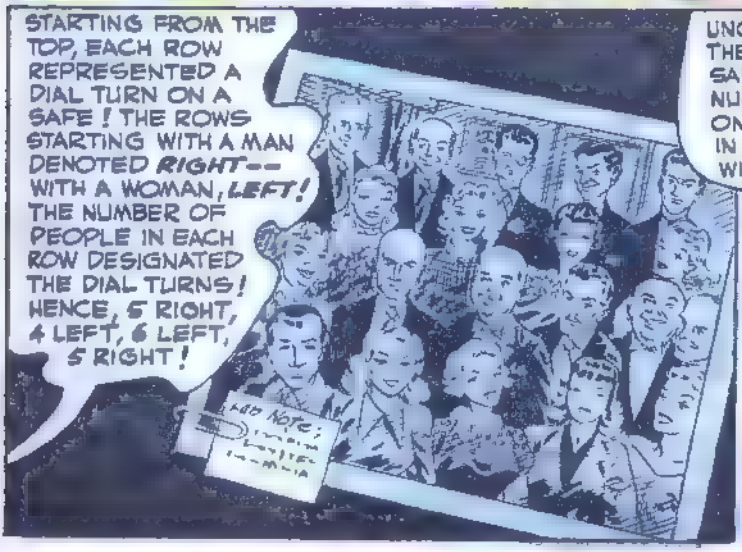
THAT EVENING, THE SHARP-WITTED DETECTIVE RACKS HIS MEMORY FOR A LEAD ON THE NUMBERS...
...FIVE ...FOUR... SIX... FIVE ...THOSE NUMBERS! THEY REMIND ME OF SOMETHING-- BUT WHAT? ...WAIT... I'VE GOT IT...!
SHORTLY IN FRONT OF THE ACME PHOTO SHOP...
UNGER SLEEPS IN BACK OF HIS STORE! WE'VE GOT TO WAKE HIM!
I HOPE YOU KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DOING, JOHNNY!
WHEN THE SLEEPY-EYED UNGER ANSWERS...
SORRY TO WAKE YOU, UNGER--BUT HAVE YOU MADE UP A PRINT ON YOUR WENTON HOTEL JOB YET?
W-WHY, YES, DETECTIVE LAW! I'LL GET ONE!
THEN...
HERE IT IS! A-ANYTHING WRONG?
ARREST THIS MAN, CHIEF! AND FOLLOW ME OUTSIDE!
514 W. 84! THEY CHECK... MORLEY, WHEN YOU BOOK UNGER, MEET ME AT THE PLAYTOY COMPANY-- 514 WEST 84 STREET... HAVEN'T TIME TO EXPLAIN NOW!
PLAYTOY COMPANY
514 W. 84
WHEN THE DETECTIVE ARRIVES AT 84TH STREET...
THEY'RE ALREADY HERE! NO TIME TO WAIT FOR MORLEY AND REINFORCEMENTS!
PLAYTOY COMPANY SERVICE ENTRANCE


AS JOHNNY ENTERS, MASKED FIGURES TURN FROM THE COMPANY SAFE AND...
WE'RE SPOTTED!
NEVER MIND! OPEN THE SAFE! I'LL BURN 'IM!


QUICKLY THE CRACK DETECTIVE DIVES FORWARD...
THE FIRE'S OUT, BOYS!


A BEAUTIFUL SCHEME, PUMPKIN HEAD--BUT YOUR PAL UNGER DISHED OUT HIS LAST SAFE COMBINATION!


WHEN MORLEY ARRIVES...
THEN, UNGER WAS BEHIND IT ALL!
RIGHT! HE INGENIOUSLY ARRANGED HIS PICTURE SUBJECTS IN A CODE TO GIVE OUT SAFE COMBINATIONS TO HIS PALS! HERE, I'LL SHOW YOU!


STARTING FROM THE TOP, EACH ROW REPRESENTED A DIAL TURN ON A SAFE! THE ROWS STARTING WITH A MAN DENOTED RIGHT--WITH A WOMAN, LEFT! THE NUMBER OF PEOPLE IN EACH ROW DESIGNATED THE DIAL TURNS! HENCE, 5 RIGHT, 4 LEFT, 6 LEFT, 5 RIGHT!
UNGER'S PALS DETERMINED THE LOCATION OF THE SAFE FROM CODE NUMBERS PASTED ON THE PHOTOS IN HIS SHOP WINDOW!
THAT'S HOW UNGER COULD GIVE OUT HIS INFORMATION WITHOUT MAKING PERSONAL CONTACT WITH THE CROOKS AND AROUSING SUSPICION! GOOD WORK, JOHNNY!
THE END

ADVERTISEMENT

CORNERED IN THE CORRAL!
ANOTHER JIM WISE "P-F" ADVENTURE STORY

IT HAPPENED AT A WYOMING RODEO...

WATTSA CLOWN DOIN' IN THIS CORRAL?

THAT'S CODY, THE RODEO CLOWN. WATCH HIM GET THOSE STEERS AWAY FROM THE COWBOYS!

FELLAS, MEET CODY!

GOSH, THAT'S MIGHTY DANGEROUS! YA GOTTA BE FAST ON YOUR FEET, HUH?

TELL TOM ABOUT "P-F's," MR. WISE

JIM WISE, TELLS WHY "P-F" CANVAS SHOES HELP YOU GO FULL SPEED LONGER!

1. THE ALL-IMPORTANT "P-F" RIGID WEDGE HELPS KEEP THE 3 MAIN SUPPORTING BONES OF THE NORMAL FOOT IN PROPER POSITION.

2. SPONGE RUBBER CUSHION

*TRADE MARK.

"P-F" MEANS POSTURE FOUNDATION

THAT KID WILL BE KILLED!

I'LL GET HER!

QUICK! INTO THE BARREL!

RIGHT FAST MOVIN', SON!

MIGHTY FAST THINKIN', TOO!

GOOD THING I HAD "P-F's" ON. THEY SURE HELPED ME GO FULL SPEED!

GOOD ADVICE FROM JIM WISE:

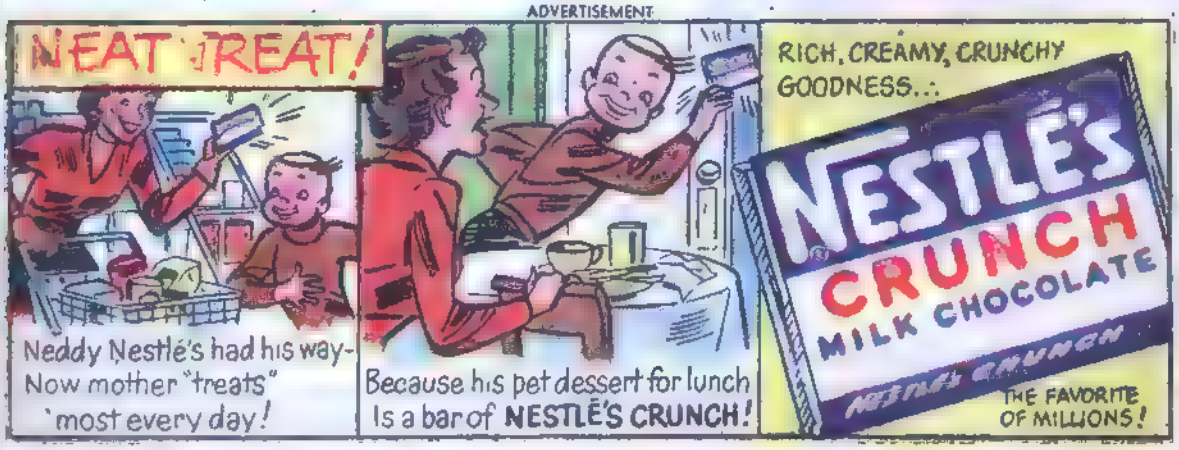
GET YOUR "P-F" CANVAS SHOES TODAY AND SEE FOR YOURSELF HOW THEY HELP:

1. LESSEN FOOT STRAIN
2. YOU GO FULL SPEED LONGER
3. GUARD AGAINST FLAT FEET
4. PROMOTE GOOD POSTURE

INSIST ON "P-F" CANVAS SHOES MADE ONLY BY B.F. Goodrich and Hood Rubber Company

O'MALLEY
OF THE 4TH PRECINCT
I'M TIRED OF COVERING THIS BEAT, COMMISSIONER! I WANT SOME EXCITEMENT--DANGER! LET ME FLY THE AIR PATROL!
THE AIR PATROL IS DANGEROUS, O'MALLEY--SMUGGLERS--SPIES..
IT'S MORE EXCITING THAN PICKING UP PICKPOCKETS! I WANT ACTION!
OKAY--YOU FLY THIS AFTERNOON AFTER THE HARBOR GANG!
THAT AFTERNOON...
THERE THEY ARE, O'MALLEY--THIS IS GONNA BE ROUGH!
NUTHIN' TO IT!
POLICE
BLAST 'EM O'MALLEY!
I-I'LL TAKE CARE OF 'EM!
RAT TAT TAT
GREAT WORK, O'MALLEY! YOU GOT 'EM!
HOLD ON, O'MALLEY! GOTTA MAKE A CRASH LANDING!
LET ME HELP YOU OUT, O'MALLEY!
A WEEK LATER...
I HEAR O'MALLEY ASKED FOR A NEW ASSIGNMENT!
YEAH--WALKIN' THE COMMISSIONER'S DOG!
THE END

ADVERTISEMENT


NEAT TREAT!
Neddy Nestlé's had his way-Now mother "treats" 'most every day!
Because his pet dessert for lunch Is a bar of NESTLÉ'S CRUNCH!
RICH, CREAMY, CRUNCHY GOODNESS...
NESTLE'S
CRUNCH
MILK CHOCOLATE
THE FAVORITE OF MILLIONS!

PARROT FEVER

"JUST another quiet evening," thought Johnny Marshall as he walked down the last street on his beat. Ever since he could remember he had wanted to be a cop. There wasn't a prouder rookie on the force than Johnny the day he put his uniform on, or one more eager for action! But that was three months ago, and in all the long weeks that he had patrolled his beat, nothing had happened.

The row of stores looked the same that night as they always did at eleven-thirty, dark and deserted. He tried the doors automatically, giving each knob a quick pull to make sure they were locked. Sam's butcher shop, the Elite Laundry, the paper store, all okay.

But when he reached the pet shop at the end of the block, he stopped short. The place was in an uproar! Puppies raced around their cages, yapping madly, canaries fluttered back and forth, and just as Johnny put his hand on the door, a monkey let out a screech that made the rookie's hair stand on end.

Then he noticed that the door was open a crack, and reaching for his gun, walked into the dark, noisy room. Someone or something had frightened the animals, and whatever it was might still be around. Johnny was taking no chances. He waited for a minute, then moved silently to the back of the store.

Suddenly, his foot struck something soft! It was the crumpled figure of a man. Johnny flashed on his light, and recognized Ben Peters, the owner of the store. "Hey, Pop," he murmured, bending over the old man, "what happened?" Johnny looked him over quickly. He had a nasty blow on the head, but was breathing regularly. "Looks as if he's coming around now," the rookie thought, and sure enough, Peters was opening his eyes.

"Stop them! Don't let them get away!" he cried.

"It's okay now, Pop," Johnny reassured him. "You'll feel better in a minute. Think you can tell me what happened before I call the ambulance?"

"Two men—" the old man began, "knocked on the door till I let them in. My rooms are in the back there," he indicated, pointing to the rear of the store. "Claimed they had to buy a parrot. I told them the only parrot I had in the store wasn't for sale. They started to get nasty, and when I told them to get out, one of them pulled a gun on me, while the other hoodlum grabbed the parrot, cage and all. I went to the telephone to call for help, and that's all I remember."

"Why couldn't you sell them the parrot, Pop? Was it your own pet?" Johnny asked.

"I couldn't sell it because it didn't belong to me!" the old man groaned. "A strange looking fellow came in a couple of days ago and asked me to board it for him. Wouldn't leave his name and didn't know when he'd call for it, so he gave me twenty-five dollars in advance. Now what am I going to do when he comes back?"

Johnny hardly heard the last unhappy comment. His brain was working a mile a minute. Why was the parrot so valuable to the strange men? While he thought this over, he reached for the phone and dialed the precinct.

"Patrolman Marshall reporting, sergeant. Couple of men broke into the pet shop at 223 Ardley Avenue. Stole a parrot and knocked the owner out. I think he's all right, but you'd better send over an ambulance."

"Say young feller, I don't need any doctor!" Ben Peters broke in, getting slowly to his feet. "No need to get excited," Johnny smiled, "they'll just make sure it's only a bump on the head you've got, not a fractured skull."

He helped the old man to a chair, and got out a pad and pencil. "Are you sure there's nothing else you can tell me about this parrot or its owner?" "Well," Mr. Peters sighed, rubbing his head cautiously, "it was just an ordinary African grey parrot. They're good talkers, you know, but this was the strangest bird I ever met up with. Kept repeating a lot of numbers is all."

Johnny looked up quickly. "Numbers?" he repeated. "What kind of numbers?" "Oh, I never payed much attention," Peters answered, "but it seems to me he repeated the same ones all the time. I couldn't tell you what they were."

"Well, maybe you can tell me what the men looked like who attacked you," Johnny continued. "We may have their pictures on file at headquarters." He took careful notes while the old man described the two thugs, and was putting his notebook away when a prowl car and an ambulance pulled up outside.

Sergeant Kelson, a veteran on the force strode in, followed by an interne. While the doctor examined Ben Peters, Johnny filled in the details for his superior. "There's not much to go on, Marshall," Kelson commented. "Looks as if Peters will be all right, so you can go back to your beat. Make out the report when you check in at the precinct." "Very well, sir," Johnny replied, and left the pet shop

"A parrot who rattles off numbers," he mused, as he walked slowly down the street. Suddenly, he snapped his fingers and ran across the street to a call box. The conversation was short, but when he hung up, Johnny had a satisfied look on his face.

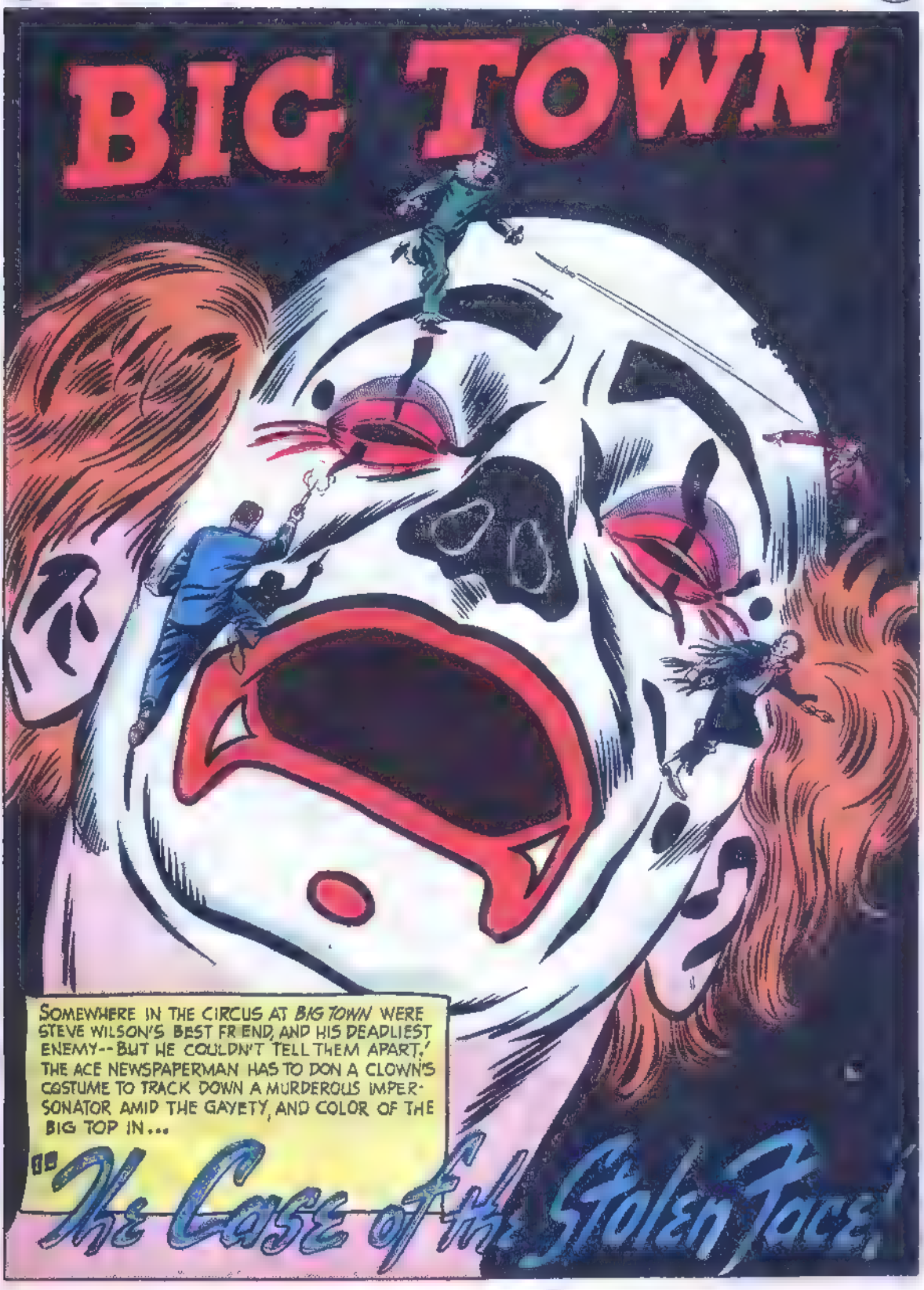
The next afternoon, two police cars stopped in front of a dingy brownstone building. Patrolman Marshall was one of the blue-clad figures who hurried up the steps and entered the house. In a few minutes, they reappeared, this time escorting two sullen men, *and* Johnny Marshall was carrying a large bird containing an angry grey parrot!

"How in the world did you ever catch up with those crooks?" Ben Peters asked the rookie that night, holding up an early edition headlined, BIRD CRACKS CRIME RING! Johnny grinned. "It was a combination of a lucky hunch and lots of leg work by the rest of the boys. I suspected that stealing the parrot was only *part* of a crooked scheme, so the problem was to find the thieves before they committed a major crime.

"Friend of mine owned a parrot, and had to get a permit to keep it when he moved to this city, since the birds often carry a disease that is communicable to man. So, with the help of the Board of Health, we checked on all the parrot owners in town, and stumbled on the man who brought the bird to you. He was a member of a large gang, and posing as a janitor, got the combination to several safes in the Ajax Mutual Building. Then he taught them to his pet, thinking it was a good way to file them away till the gang was ready to pull the job. But he got cold feet and hid the bird with you. His pals finally made him talk, and I guess you know the rest of the story."

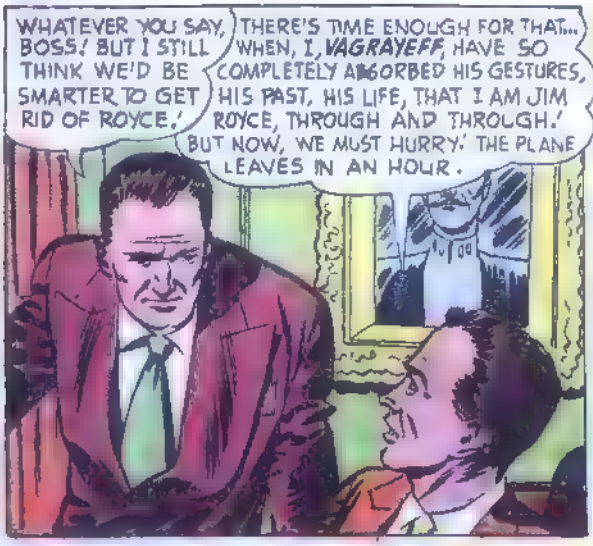
Johnny stopped to get his breath. "Well," Ben Peters chuckled, "that's one case of 'parrot fever' those crooks will have plenty of time to recover from—behind bars!"

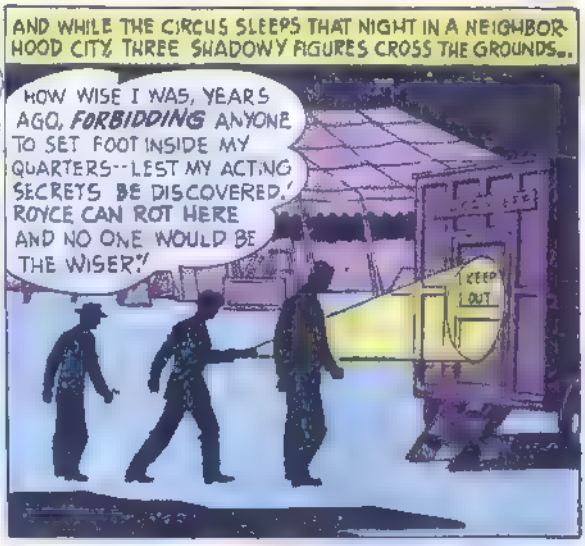
—M. Sarafianos

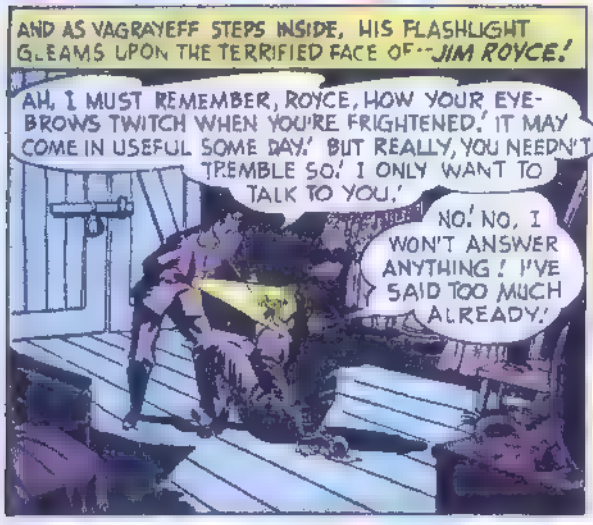

BIG TOWN
SOMEWHERE IN THE CIRCUS AT BIG TOWN WERE STEVE WILSON'S BEST FRIEND, AND HIS DEADLIEST ENEMY--BUT HE COULDN'T TELL THEM APART, THE ACE NEWSPAPERMAN HAS TO DON A CLOWN'S COSTUME TO TRACK DOWN A MURDEROUS IMPERSONATOR AMID THE GAYETY, AND COLOR OF THE BIG TOP IN...
"The Case of the Stolen Face!"

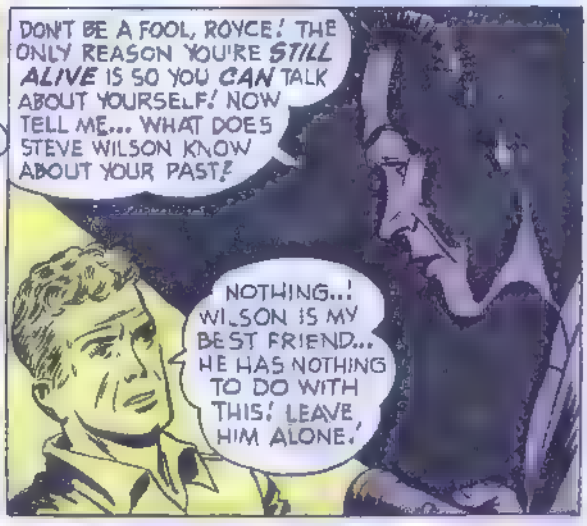
STEVE WILSON, BATTLING NEWSMAN OF BIG TOWN'S ILLUSTRATED PRESS, IS COVERING THE OPENING OF THE GLOBE CIRCUS...
AND NOW, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, WE PRESENT THE MAN OF A MILLION FACES--THE ONE AND ONLY VAGRAYEFF!
LOOK, FRIENDS! NOW I AM AN OLD, BROKEN MAN--
WATCHING FROM BACKSTAGE...
AND NOW, AN ORIENTAL DESPOT, RULER OF MULTITUDES!
VAGRAYEFF IS TERRIFIC! HE DOESN'T JUST IMITATE--HE LIVES AND BREATHES THE CHARACTER HE'S IMPERSONATING!
FINE, JIM--BUT IT'S YOUR STORY I WANT TODAY!
THE PUBLIC JUST CAN'T BELIEVE THAT A MILLIONAIRE'S SON WANTS TO BE IN THE CIRCUS!
IT'S PRETTY SIMPLE, STEVE! YOU KNOW THAT EVER SINCE WE WERE KIDS, I'VE BEEN A CIRCUS BUG! WITH THE ROYCE MONEY BEHIND ME, I CAN LIVE AS I PLEASE! WHY NOT DO WHAT MAKES ME HAPPIEST? SO I TRAVEL WITH THE CIRCUS EVERY SEASON--AS A CLOWN!
THERE'S THE MAN YOU SHOULD WRITE ABOUT--VAGRAYEFF! NO FRIENDS, NO FAMILY--WON'T EVEN LET ANYONE INTO HIS DRESSING ROOM! AND STILL--A GENIUS!
HMM... MAYBE I WILL, SOME DAY! WELL, SO LONG, JIM! SEE YOU WHEN THE CIRCUS COMES BACK NEXT SEASON!
BUT STEVE WAS TO SEE HIS FRIEND JIM AHEAD OF TIME! FOR THE CIRCUS WAS STILL IN ITS WINTER QUARTERS WHEN NOT QUITE A YEAR LATER, AT THE ILLUSTRATED PRESS...
THE ROYCE FORTUNE BELONGS TO JIM NOW--HIS FATHER'S JUST PASSED AWAY!
JIM'S FLYING BACK TO BIG TOWN NOW! I'M GOING TO MEET HIS PLANE!
AN HOUR LATER, AT BIG TOWN'S AIRPORT...
THERE'S JIM ROYCE! ... HE CERTAINLY LOOKS OLDER, DOESN'T HE?
PROBABLY THE SHOCK! HE AND HIS FATHER WERE VERY CLOSE! I HOPE THERE'S SOMETHING I CAN DO TO HELP HIM!
2

STEVE!... THANKS FOR MEETING ME! A MAN CAN'T HAVE TOO MANY FRIENDS AT A TIME LIKE THIS! THAT'S WHY I ASKED TWO OF MY CLOSEST ONES TO COME UP WITH ME A FEW DAYS BEFORE THE REST OF THE CIRCUS GETS HERE! STEVE, MEET DRACO, THE KNIFE THROWER, AND CYCLOPS, OUR TALL MAN!
GLAD TO KNOW YOU! I'VE A TAXI WAITING!
SUDDENLY, THE GROUP IS GREETED BY THE AIRPORT MASCOT, REX!
LOOK, JIM! HERE'S SOMEONE ELSE WHO WANTS TO BE FRIENDLY!
WHAT'S THAT..? OH, TH- THE DOG! CUTE, ISN'T HE? COME ON!
WITHOUT EVEN THROWING SOMETHING FOR REX TO RETRIEVE? YOU'VE NEVER DISAPPOINTED HIM IN ALL THE YEARS I'VE KNOWN YOU! WHY, YOU'D HARDLY SEEM LIKE THE SAME JIM ROYCE WITHOUT THAT TRICK OF YOURS!
OF COURSE! I-- I'M SORRY, STEVE! IT'S JUST THAT...WITH MY MIND ON DAD AND ALL...! YOU UNDERSTAND!
AND I'M LATE AT THE LAWYER'S ALREADY! WELL, SO LONG, STEVE! I'LL GIVE YOU A RING!
YES... JIM-- DO THAT!
JIM HARDLY SEEMED TO LISTEN WHEN I SPOKE TO HIM! HIS FATHER'S DEATH HAS REALLY LEFT HIM A CHANGED MAN!
HE'LL SNAP OUT OF IT, STEVE! JUST GIVE HIM TIME!
YES, JIM ROYCE WAS "CHANGED" EVEN MORE THAN STEVE KNEW! FOR LATER, AT THE ROYCE MANSION...
BUT VAGRAYEFF! WHY MUST WE RETURN TO THE CIRCUS, JUST TO SEE JIM ROYCE?
TO LEARN MORE ABOUT STEVE WILSON! "YOU HARDLY SEEM LIKE THE SAME JIM ROYCE," HE SAID! WHAT DID HE MEAN BY THOSE WORDS? WHAT DOES HE SUSPECT? I MUST KNOW--AND ONLY THE REAL ROYCE CAN HELP ME!

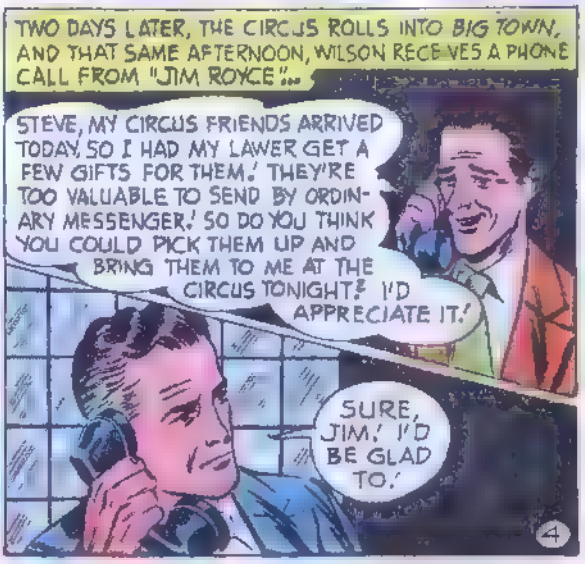

WHATEVER YOU SAY, BOSS! BUT I STILL THINK WE'D BE SMARTER TO GET RID OF ROYCE!
THERE'S TIME ENOUGH FOR THAT... WHEN, I, VAGRAYEFF, HAVE SO COMPLETELY ABSORBED HIS GESTURES, HIS PAST, HIS LIFE, THAT I AM JIM ROYCE, THROUGH AND THROUGH! BUT NOW, WE MUST HURRY! THE PLANE LEAVES IN AN HOUR.


AND WHILE THE CIRCUS SLEEPS THAT NIGHT IN A NEIGHBORHOOD CITY, THREE SHADOWY FIGURES CROSS THE GROUNDS..
HOW WISE I WAS, YEARS AGO, FORBIDDING ANYONE TO SET FOOT INSIDE MY QUARTERS--LEST MY ACTING SECRETS BE DISCOVERED! ROYCE CAN ROT HERE AND NO ONE WOULD BE THE WISER!
KEEP OUT


AND AS VAGRAYEFF STEPS INSIDE, HIS FLASHLIGHT GLEAMS UPON THE TERRIFIED FACE OF--JIM ROYCE!
AH, I MUST REMEMBER, ROYCE, HOW YOUR EYEBROWS TWITCH WHEN YOU'RE FRIGHTENED! IT MAY COME IN USEFUL SOME DAY! BUT REALLY, YOU NEEDN'T TREMBLE SO! I ONLY WANT TO TALK TO YOU!
NO! NO, I WON'T ANSWER ANYTHING! I'VE SAID TOO MUCH ALREADY!


DON'T BE A FOOL, ROYCE! THE ONLY REASON YOU'RE STILL ALIVE IS SO YOU CAN TALK ABOUT YOURSELF! NOW TELL ME... WHAT DOES STEVE WILSON KNOW ABOUT YOUR PAST?
NOTHING..! WILSON IS MY BEST FRIEND... HE HAS NOTHING TO DO WITH THIS! LEAVE HIM ALONE!

EXCELLENT! YOU CAN FEED HIM AND TIE HIM UP NOW, CYCLOPS! I'VE LEARNED WHAT I HAD TO KNOW! JIM ROYCE'S BEST FRIEND IS TOO DANGEROUS A MAN TO HAVE AROUND! WILSON MUST DIE!

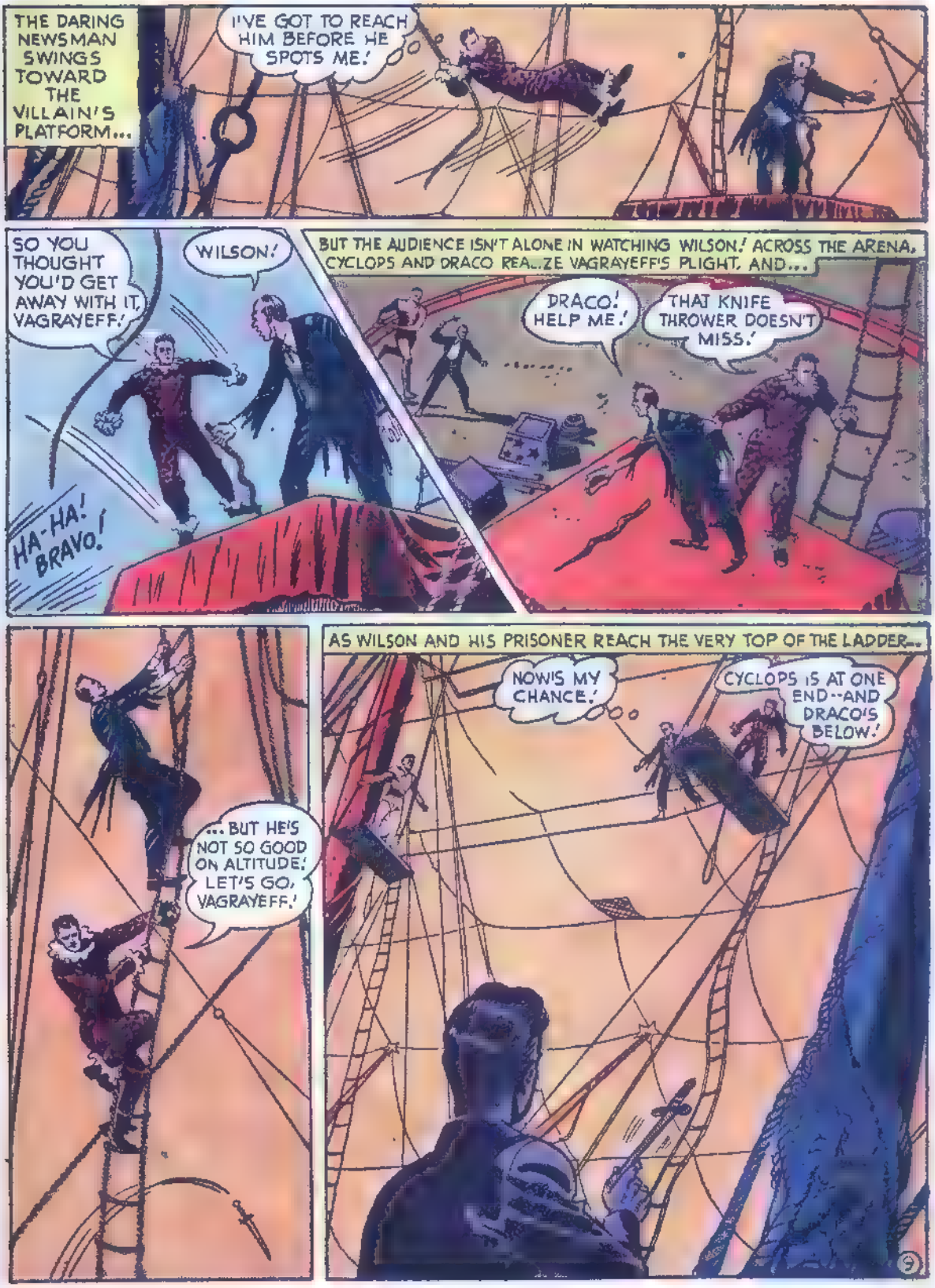

TWO DAYS LATER, THE CIRCUS ROLLS INTO BIG TOWN, AND THAT SAME AFTERNOON, WILSON RECEIVES A PHONE CALL FROM "JIM ROYCE"...
STEVE, MY CIRCUS FRIENDS ARRIVED TODAY, SO I HAD MY LAWER GET A FEW GIFTS FOR THEM! THEY'RE TOO VALUABLE TO SEND BY ORDINARY MESSENGER! SO DO YOU THINK YOU COULD PICK THEM UP AND BRING THEM TO ME AT THE CIRCUS TONIGHT? I'D APPRECIATE IT!
SURE, JIM! I'D BE GLAD TO!

HE'S WALKING INTO A DEATH TRAP! AND THOSE VALUABLES HE'LL HAVE ON HIS PERSON WILL SUPPLY A MOTIVE FOR HIS MURDER. SHOULD ANYONE NOTICE ME, THEY'LL SEND THE POLICE OFF ON A WILD GOOSE CHASE AFTER A STOUT, RED-HAIRED MAN.
THAT NIGHT...
MR. WILSON? JIM ROYCE SENT ME TO DRIVE YOU TO HIS QUARTERS. IT'S A PRETTY LONG WALK THROUGH THIS MUD.
THANKS. ROYCE SURE THINKS OF EVERYTHING, DOESN'T HE?
NO... IT'S I VAGRAYEFF, WHO THINKS OF EVERYTHING! DOWN THE ROAD DRACO AND CYCLOPS ARE WAITING TO HELP ME SILENCE WILSON FOREVER!
PRETTY QUIET HEREABOUTS ISN'T IT? GUESS IT'LL BE DIFFERENT TWO HOURS FROM NOW WHEN THE BIG SHOW STARTS
YOU BET IT'S QUIET, WILSON. BUT IT'S GOING TO BE EVEN QUIETER - FOR YOU
I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOUR GAME IS, FUNNY MAN...
... BUT I'M NOT LAUGHING.
I'LL-- UH--
BOYS-- HELP!
DRACO! THE BOSS'S IN TROUBLE!
SOCK!
5

CYCLOPS.'
YOU PLAY ROUGH, WILSON -- BUT I PLAY ROUGHER.'
A KNIFE --.' DRACO S TRADEMARK.'
THUD
IN THE DARKNESS, STEVE HASTILY FLEES...
GOT TO GET AWAY.'
THE COURAGEOUS NEWSPAPERMAN CIRCLES THE CIRCUS GROUNDS AND MAKES HIS WAY TO "ROYCE'S" TENT...
STEVE.' WHAT HAPPENED?'
SOME RED-HEADED CLOWN MUST'VE GOTTEN WORD OF THE STUFF I WAS CARRYING... THOUGHT HE'D GET RICH QUICK--WITH THE HELP OF YOUR PALS-- DRACO AND CYCLOPS.'
DRACO AND CYCLOPS IMPLICATED? I--I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT.'
I DIDN'T DREAM IT.' AND I CLOUTED THE REDHEAD ON THE WRIST, WITH THE VASE.' PROBABLY LEFT A MARK AS--
-BAD AS THIS ONE.' ON THE SAME WRIST, TOO.
WHAT A COINCIDENCE.' I JUST HURT MYSELF WHILE REHEARSING MY NEW TUMBLING ACT.'

BY THE WAY, JIM, I RAN INTO MARY STROUD ON THE WAY OVER.' THOUGHT YOU MIGHT BE INTERESTED.' YOU ALWAYS DID THINK SHE WAS THE PRETTIEST GIRL IN THE CLASS.'
WHO, MARY...?
YES, SHE CERTAINLY WAS SWEET! WHAT'S SHE DOING NOW?
NOTHING -- BECAUSE THERE ISN'T ANY MARY STROUD! WHO ARE YOU?
FOOL! AS IF ANYONE BUT I COULD IMPERSONATE JIM ROYCE WELL ENOUGH TO FOOL THE WORLD.'
YOUR VOICE HAS CHANGED.' YOU'RE VAGRAYEFF.
YES-- IN MY GREATEST ROLE OF ALL.' AND YOU WON'T STOP ME, WILSON.'
GOOD WORK, CYCLOPS.' NOW THROW HIM INSIDE WITH ROYCE.' WE'LL TAKE CARE OF THEM BOTH AFTER THE PERFORMANCE TONIGHT.'
LATER, AS WILSON RECOVERS CONSCIOUSNESS...
THAT MUSIC... WHERE'S IT COMING FROM?
IT SOUNDS LIKE ONE OF THOSE CIRCUS VANS.' AND -- THERE'S THE REAL JIM ROYCE.'

THE FIGHTING REPORTER SPOTS A DRESSING MIRROR AND...
THAT MUSIC WILL DROWN OUT THE NOISE I'M MAKING--
SHH
BECAUSE THIS IS ONE TIME WHEN A BROKEN MIRROR'S GOING TO MEAN GOOD LUCK!
WITHIN MINUTES, THE QUICK-THINKING NEWSMAN FINALLY CUTS HIS BONDS AND...
STEVE! I THOUGHT I'D NEVER SEE YOU AGAIN! HURRY-- THERE'S A PHONE IN THE MAIN TENT! WE CAN GET THE POLICE!
IT'S NOT THAT SIMPLE, JIM! THE MINUTE VAGRAYEFF HEARS THEY'RE AFTER HIM, HE'LL PULL HIS DISAPPEARING ACT--AND WE'LL NEVER BE SAFE AGAIN AS LONG AS WE LIVE-- NOT KNOWING WHAT HE'LL LOOK LIKE!
I'VE KNOWN YOU FOR YEARS, JIM-- AND YET VAGRAYEFF HAD EVEN ME FOOLED! NO--IF WE WANT VAGRAYEFF, WE'VE GOT TO GO AFTER HIM OURSELVES--NOW!
BUT THAT'S THE MUSIC FOR THE GRAND FINALE! HE'S ON STAGE...
THEN WE'LL GO AFTER HIM, IN HIS OWN WAY-- IN DISGUISE! HURRY..!
IN THE EXCITEMENT OF THE CIRCUS FINALE, NO ONE NOTICES THE TWO NEW CLOWNS IN THE ARENA...
THERE'S VAGRAYEFF, JIM! I'M GOING TO DROP IN ON HIM!
8


THE DARING NEWSMAN SWINGS TOWARD THE VILLAIN'S PLATFORM...
I'VE GOT TO REACH HIM BEFORE HE SPOTS ME!
SO YOU THOUGHT YOU'D GET AWAY WITH IT, VAGRAYEFF!
WILSON!
HA-HA! BRAVO!
BUT THE AUDIENCE ISN'T ALONE IN WATCHING WILSON! ACROSS THE ARENA, CYCLOPS AND DRACO REALIZE VAGRAYEFF'S PLIGHT, AND...
DRACO! HELP ME!
THAT KNIFE THROWER DOESN'T MISS!
... BUT HE'S NOT SO GOOD ON ALTITUDE! LET'S GO, VAGRAYEFF!
AS WILSON AND HIS PRISONER REACH THE VERY TOP OF THE LADDER...
NOW'S MY CHANCE!
CYCLOPS IS AT ONE END--AND DRACO'S BELOW!

WITH THE AUDIENCE UNAWARE THAT THE "ACT" IS REAL...WITH DEATH AT THE END OF IT...
YOU'RE NOT GETTING AWAY, VAGRAYEFF!
VAGRAYEFF? BUT I'M NOT VAGRAYEFF, THE CLOWN!
AND BEFORE STEVE'S STARING EYES, A FANTASTIC CHANGE TAKES PLACE... THE ILLUSION OF ONE HUMAN BEING TURNING INTO ANOTHER.
I AM PANCHO, THE AERIALIST! YOU MADE A MISTAKE--
YOU'RE MAD!
GOODBYE! HA, HA, HA!
I'M GETTING SO USED TO YOUR COMPANY, I CAN'T LET GO!
AS THE AUDIENCE APPLAUDS...
TAKE YOUR BOW, VAGRAYEFF! IT'S YOUR LAST!
VAGRAYEFF AND HIS MEN ARE TURNED OVER TO INSPECTOR CALLAHAN...
SO VAGRAYEFF ACTUALLY MEANT TO LIVE HIS LIFE PRETENDING HE WAS JIM ROYCE!
PART OF THE PLAN WAS KILLING ME AND DISGUISING MY BODY TO LOOK LIKE VAGRAYEFF'S... SO HE WOULDN'T BE MISSED!
THIS IS A THREE-RING STORY! I'D BETTER GET STARTED ON IT RIGHT AWAY!
THE END

SNAPPER
CITY NEWS PHOTOGRAPHER
SWELL, CHIEF!
SNAPPER, THE RODEO IS IN TOWN! GET THE USUAL COW-BOY PICTURES!
PHOTO EDITOR
IN
OUT
WELL, I GOT THE SAME OLD PICTURES OF WILD BRONCS, AND LASSOING--WHAT I WOULDN'T GIVE TO GET A SHOT OF--
RODEO
THRILLS SPILLS
--SOME REAL ACTION-- HUH?
ALL RIGHT, YOU VARMINTS! GIT 'EM UP!
PLAYGROUND
RECKON THERE'S A MILLION IN GOLD ON THIS HERE BANK MESSENGER GANG!
I'LL SHOOT THROUGH THIS KNOT-HOLE!
WOW! THIS MUST BE THE TRIPLE X GANG!
BOSS! STOP THE PRESSES! I JUST GOT A SHOT OF THE TRIPLE X GANG HOLDING UP A BANK MESSENGER!
GREAT WORK, SNAPPER! COME ON, LET'S DEVELOP THE PRINT!
MINUTES LATER...
THE END

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STEVE WILSON
CITY ROOM
EDITOR: "ILLUSTRATED PRESS"
TROUBLE HITS THE CITY ROOM!
TOMMY! JUNE! CUT IT OUT! THIS IS A NEWSPAPER OFFICE — NOT A PRIZE RING!
TOMMY'S JUST TOO FRESH, MR. WILSON!
IT'S MY FAULT, MR. WILSON! I TOLD JUNE TO GET LOST AND SHE BLEW UP!
HE'S RIGHT, THOUGH! JUNE ISN'T ALWAYS NICE TO HAVE AROUND!
STEVE CALLS IN LORELEI FOR HELP...
...SO TIP OFF JUNE TO LIFEBUOY, LORELEI!
SURE, STEVE! ANYONE CAN GET "B.O." THESE HOT SUMMER DAYS!
JUNE TAKES LORELEI'S HINT...
LIFEBUOY STOPS "B.O." UP TO 48 HOURS!—AND I LOVE THAT FRESH, CLEAN SCENT!
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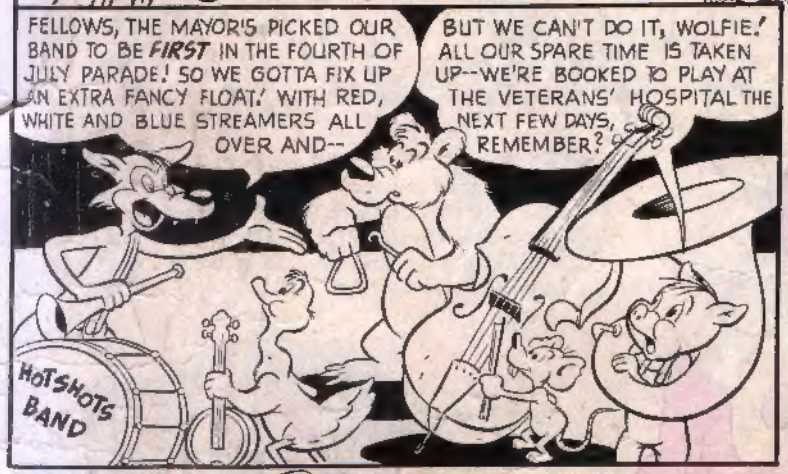
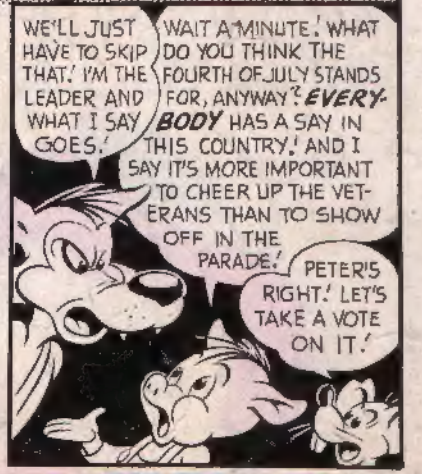
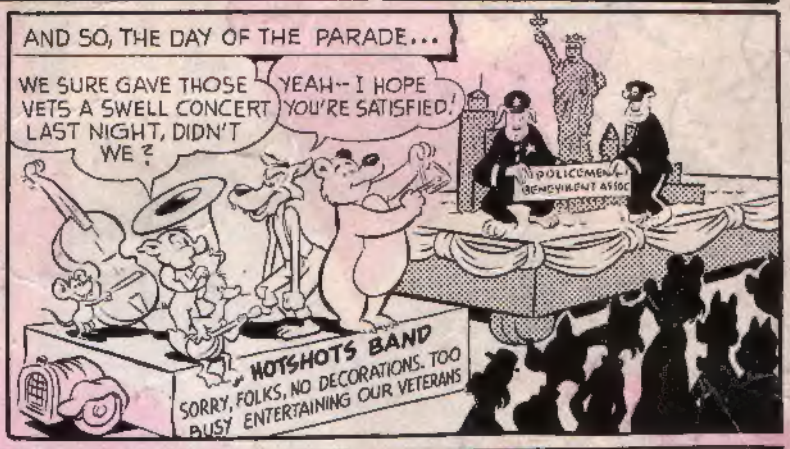
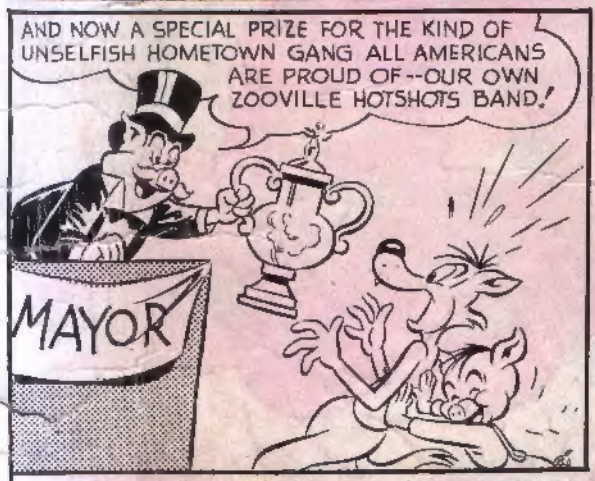
USE LIFEBUOY—I ALWAYS DO!
YOU'RE LOSING A COPY GIRL, MR. WILSON! JUNE AND I ARE GETTING MARRIED!
CONGRATULATIONS, TOMMY!
LATER
...AND CONGRATULATIONS, LIFEBUOY!
TUNE IN STEVE AND LORELEI IN "BIG TOWN" EVERY WEEK! RADIO—NBC Tuesday nights TELEVISION—CBS-TV See local paper for day and channel
LIFEBUOY Health Soap
USE IT DAILY!

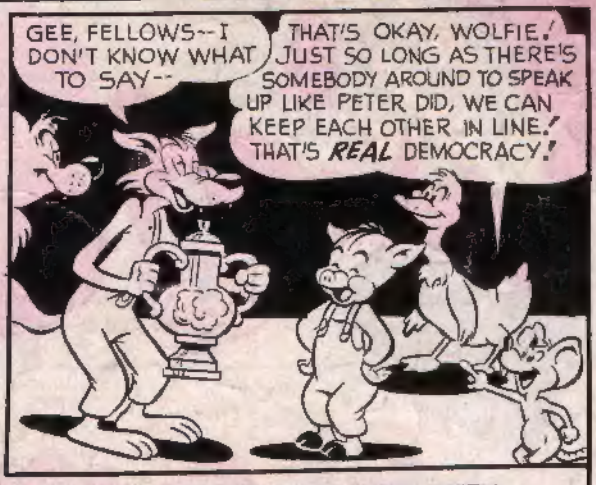
PETER PORKCHOPS in "SWEET LAND OF LIBERTY!"


FELLOWS, THE MAYOR'S PICKED OUR BAND TO BE *FIRST* IN THE FOURTH OF JULY PARADE! SO WE GOTTA FIX UP AN EXTRA FANCY FLOAT! WITH RED, WHITE AND BLUE STREAMERS ALL OVER AND--
BUT WE CAN'T DO IT, WOLFIE! ALL OUR SPARE TIME IS TAKEN UP--WE'RE BOOKED TO PLAY AT THE VETERANS' HOSPITAL THE NEXT FEW DAYS, REMEMBER?
HOTSHOTS BAND


WE'LL JUST HAVE TO SKIP THAT! I'M THE LEADER AND WHAT I SAY GOES!
WAIT A MINUTE! WHAT DO YOU THINK THE FOURTH OF JULY STANDS FOR, ANYWAY? *EVERY-BODY* HAS A SAY IN THIS COUNTRY! AND I SAY IT'S MORE IMPORTANT TO CHEER UP THE VET-ERANS THAN TO SHOW OFF IN THE PARADE!
PETER'S RIGHT! LET'S TAKE A VOTE ON IT!


AND SO, THE DAY OF THE PARADE...
WE SURE GAVE THOSE VETS A SWELL CONCERT LAST NIGHT, DIDN'T WE?
YEAH--I HOPE YOU'RE SATISFIED!
POLICEMEN'S BENEVOLENT ASSOC
HOTSHOTS BAND
SORRY, FOLKS, NO DECORATIONS. TOO BUSY ENTERTAINING OUR VETERANS


AND NOW A SPECIAL PRIZE FOR THE KIND OF UNSELFISH HOMETOWN GANG ALL AMERICANS ARE PROUD OF--OUR OWN ZOOVILLE HOTSHOTS BAND!
MAYOR


GEE, FELLOWS--I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO SAY--
THAT'S OKAY, WOLFIE! JUST SO LONG AS THERE'S SOMEBODY AROUND TO SPEAK UP LIKE PETER DID, WE CAN KEEP EACH OTHER IN LINE! THAT'S *REAL* DEMOCRACY!

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